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THERE is an end, for the present at least, of the annual production of an average of ten thousand new German books at the Leipsic fair. Works which might justly claim a world-wide reputation, and which literature and science are anxiously expecting, such, for example, as the correspondence between Newton and Leibnitz, lie dormant for want of a publisher. The truth is, that everybody is now too anxious to care about reading, and the great problem of present life presses too heavily to permit even the German mind to live in the investigations of the past or the visions of the future. It is not that external danger threatens life or property, or that, except during some momentary convulsions, the ordinary surface of society may not be well preserved; but the consciousness is everywhere visible that a new order of things has come, and that their world, at least, has made no preparation to receive it. No great men have been allowed to go before it and prepare for its advent; no political habits have been engendered to teach the value of moderation in action; and no political economy has been taught, to illustrate the necessary conditions of social life, and to define the limits of possible legislation. Revolution has come upon the most instructed, the most literate, the most thoughtful people of the world—and it is left to provide itself as it can, and to destroy more than it uses or requires.

The moral of these circumstances, however palpable, is by no means trite or superfluous. Men have been so accustomed to speak of nations being prepared for liberal institutions before they obtain them, of something which was to be the instruction and discipline of the political catechumen, of some moral and intellectual foundation to be laid, upon which the political edifice was to rise in proportionate and orderly beauty, that it is well that so clear an example has been exhibited of the incompetency of any but political culture to adapt mankind to the duties and capacities of political life. The old analogy, of learning to swim without going into the water, remains accurately correct; for the whole art and mystery of constitutional government is to teach men to govern themselves—and this is to be learned by experience alone. Neither man nor nation can be taught self-control; and the processes and the conditions by which the result is obtained are as complicated and as mysterious, in the national, as in the individual mind. Every moment in the world's history is the result of all preceding time; and no science of cause and effect can trace out what a people may, or may not become.

We would not, however, undervalue the indirect consequences of a high condition of the moral and intellectual faculties, in facilitating and perfecting liberal institutions. Although the enormous knowledge and unlimited speculation of the Germans appear to be of small service to them in resolving their political difficulties, yet it would be most superficial to disbelieve that the indirect influences which they exercise on the minds of politicians, must in the main be advantageous. We do not anticipate, with Heine,* that German philosophy will lead on to practical results even more terrible, and to dispositions even more implacable, than did the doctrine of Rousseau in France. If, indeed, a few desperate professors had it all their own way, the Kantian might work the same havoc in the region of facts that he had done in the region of ideas; and turn up the very ground of European life, to root out the traces of the past;—the transcendentalist might regard all the confusion and suffering which he caused, as phenomena absolutely unimportant when compared with the ideal to be worked out by his will;—and the Hegelian pantheist might identify himself with the work of destruction, and revive the madness of the Berserkers, in the belief that out of the fury of the popular instincts would rise up a purer truth and a higher humanity.

For, fortunately, men do not act up to their theories; and, though such mental habits may, and probably will, stand in the way of the practical political settlement of the North of Germany, yet there is everything to hope for from such men as the authors of the book before us, who, though they look on political life under aspects that appear to us Englishmen somewhat theoretical and sentimental, nevertheless do really understand the practical conditions of the question, and see the difficulties they have to grapple with.

The chief writer in this correspondence is M. von Usedom, a Pomeranian nobleman, who employed his youth in travelling through England and France, was afterwards Secretary of Legation at Rome, then attached to the Foreign Office at Berlin, and is now Prussian minister to the Pope. His functions have made him acquainted with the most important personages in Germany and Italy; and his remarkable acuteness and justness of perception have enabled him to form a valuable estimate of their characters and designs. He writes with an almost undiplomatic frankness about men and things; and it is a good sign for Prussia that one of her public men can afford to express himself so openly, not only in matters affecting the general interest of Europe, but on subjects which

* In a remarkable passage of his "De l'Allemagne," which was not reproduced in the German version.

especially regard both the people and the rulers of his own country. On some he writes as a Prussian; but generally his views are those of a true German, understanding the needs and the interests of the common fatherland.

Prussia, Germany, Italy, are the subjects of these letters, which passed during the last year between M. von Usedom and one or more diplomatic friends;* and we would earnestly recommend this correspondence to the English reader as illustrating those latent political forces, which statesmen with us are so apt to overlook, and which our insular prejudices make us so unwilling, and often so unable, to understand. Every page of this book admits that the old system has fallen—not from want of able supporters, not from outward attacks, but because the vital force had left it, and because it was artificially sustained. Borne wrote long ago, “we shall have a translation of the French revolution into every European language, and each man’s business is to take care and make his own better than the original;” and this is true,—not from any mere imitation, but because the causes of the French revolution exist in one form or another in every continental state. When kings have lost the love and reverence of their people, and aristocracies their consideration and their wealth, the political prudence which maintains the one or the other can only be an efficient barrier against revolution in countries where political education has been widely diffused. The advantages of these institutions, as such, are incomprehensible to a people who have never thought of institutions at all, but have supported and endured these superiorities merely from reverential sentiment or physical fear. And this is exactly the difficulty in which Europe is now placed, by the blind indiscretion of those who let the old springs of action wear away and provided nothing for the coming shock.

In a previous article, (Jan. 1846,) especially directed to the case of Prussia, we foreshadowed the great dangers which beset that country in consequence of the retrograde policy of the late and the indecision of the present sovereign. The delay and circumspection, that appeared to many a high political prudence, seemed to us pregnant with danger, and every day that passed without a constitutional relation being established between the prince and the people, an incalculable loss. Who can say, whether the ultimate success which, notwithstanding all flux and reflux, will, we believe, attend the cause of constitutional liberty in the north of Germany, will not be owing to the concessions, however tardy, which introduced parliamentary rights and responsibilities among the people of Prussia?

* Very interesting to us is the recognition by one of these correspondents, of the worth of the historical writings of Mr. Carlyle. They do not, he says, represent a mere map of the surface over which the writer moves, but reveal the secret wells and depths, the volcanic workings of nature, which the historical surface only conceals. “I do not know whether to call him the great physiologist or physiognomist of History—he is both.” (P. 53.)

It is from these feelings, that we cannot agree with M. von Usedom’s estimate of the late king. He admits that, in all questions of European policy, the king regarded himself and his ministers as hardly competent to come to a decision, and that Vienna was consulted as a matter of course; he allows that the belief of Prince Metternich that any development of political freedom and national independence would be fatal to the integrity of the Austrian monarchy, was the cause of the repression of all constitutional spirit in Prussia, and of the consequent growth of unmitigated democracy; and he excuses the author of these great evils to his country, by the suggestion that it was not in his nature or in the circumstances of his life to cast off the bonds of the old system, and to adopt a free and German policy.* His simplicity of life and character—his administrative industry—his profound reverence for established law—well deserve the affectionate remembrance of his people;—assuredly, however, it can be no vindication of his memory, as a sovereign, to say that he subjected to a foreign dynastic policy not only the independent position of his nation, but the internal constitution to which, ever since 1810, his word was pledged. To the very last he adhered to the theory of the “essentially limited understanding of a subject,” which has now become the proverbial formula of the former state of things.†

Of the present king M. von Usedom writes with the reserve due to his own position and to the great task in which that sovereign is now engaged, and yet without adulation. He describes him as having placed himself, in youth, in open opposition to the existing political system; but as having somewhat modified this disposition, rather out of reverential feeling (*Pietät*) towards his father than from any growing favor towards despotism. A tendency towards idealization always inclined him to a large and liberal view; and he found compensation for what he may have made himself believe to be the necessary restrictions of Prussia, in a full and ardent sympathy with that idea of German nationality which had been baptized with the blood of Leipsic, and confirmed by the enthusiasm of the Burschenschaften. Suppressed by Austria and her influences at that period, this project has now assumed an important reality, which it may suit certain parties to assail by violence or ridicule; but which no demonstration of the difficulties that surround it—no exposure of the inconsistencies or extrava-

* How complete was the subjection of Prussia to Austria under the old system, is apparent by the words which Grumbkow, the minister of Frederic William the First, addressed to Seckendorff: “Il nous faut toujours quelqu’un qui nous gouverne et en tout cas il vaut mieux que ce soit vous.” [We must always have somebody to govern us; and it is always better for you to do it.] The last patent act of this fatal influence was the destruction of the independence of Cracow; which a statesman has designated “the Jena of Prussian diplomacy.”

† From the reproof given in 1837 by the minister Rochow to the Burgomaster of the busy town of Elling, (which seems to take an especial interest in the affairs of other countries,) who had spoken in public against the suppression of the Hanoverian constitution.

gances of some of its advocates—nor, indeed, a failure for the present—or likely to cast out of the future history of Europe.

It is surely strange that Englishmen, even of professedly liberal politics, have used—with respect to the struggle for independence and national rights now going on in several countries—language which, if followed by corresponding action, would not only erase patriotism from the list of virtues, but would hold passive resistance to the tyranny, even of a foreign power, to be the first of duties. Filmer has been outdone by modern English statesmen, speaking of Sicily and of Lombardy. Men to whom the people of this country have owed the most earnest appeals and the wisest reasonings in the cause of the purification and perfection of our long-won freedom, have risen as the insulters of nations struggling for the first elements of civil liberty. So that, with such singular perversion of judgment in high places, it is hardly to be wondered at that the efforts of independent nations to procure constitutional rights, and still less that the yearnings of the distracted members of a nominal nationality towards their formation as an integral reality, should be regarded with indifference, if not with contempt, by persons so careless to be well informed in foreign politics as the majority of our countrymen.

All that time has brought to light of the more confidential transactions of the treaty of Vienna has gone far to vindicate Lord Londonderry from the imputation of taking a willing share in those repressions of national and constitutional liberties which weakened and damnified that great compact. He saw clearly that the best security for peace was to make war perilous and difficult; thus his chief object was to give each independent state the best military frontier possible. In this sense, Lombardy was sacrificed—notwithstanding the solemn personal assurance of the Emperor Francis to Sir Robert Wilson that he would have nothing to do with it—for the purpose of giving Austria a bulwark against France; and thus, too, the attempt was made, though fruitlessly, to establish an independent Poland between Russia and Germany. England, indeed, great as was her moral influence, had no physical force to bring to bear against the united powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia; and, as afterwards occurred, they became far too strong for us to control any injustice or violence they might choose to commit. When, in the words of the Holy Alliance, those three nations “were to be governed as three branches of one family,” and the French government had every inclination to adopt the same policy, it was most difficult for any foreign minister to avoid placing this country in a position in which it might have received insults it could not avenge. Lord Londonderry protested against the abrogation of the Sicilian constitution in stronger words than any Lord Palmerston has used during the last year; yet, having declared that the Prince Regent would not permit the act, he found himself compelled to accept it. Mr. Canning’s posi-

tion was equally difficult; and it required a most careful policy to steer between the banded powers of northern and central Europe and the energetic demands of men like Lord Grey, Mr. Hobhouse, and others, who urged the armed intervention of England, and seemed supported by public opinion. What, then, is the reason and the meaning of the present identification of English interests with the attempts at reaction against national rights and constitutional principles throughout Europe? Why is the minister unscrupulously attacked, who has labored—and, as yet, successfully, to avert a European war, and to permit to states in peril of anarchy at least some possible basis of organic reconstruction? Why is it forgotten that he has used the large means of knowledge he possessed, to warn governments of the dangers which he saw were inevitable, and to implore them, by timely concession, to mitigate the disasters which they could not avoid? If we had the trust in our national institutions we so glibly express, we should surely rejoice in having been selected by Providence as the model of free and orderly government to mankind; and if we comprehended them aright, we should see that it is the expansiveness of our constitution which has saved it, and that it is the unyielding systematic nature of the continental governments which has proved their ruin.

Germany is under the influence of two emotions, both long repressed—and it is the simultaneous expression of both which produces so much confusion and embarrassment. The subjects of the separate states desire independent freedom through the means of representative institutions; and the German people are calling for a United Germany. Each of these organizations would surely give work enough in its own day—and German statesmen have now to construct them both together, if at all. A tremendous task, almost beyond the power of man! For they have to do this with scanty means and poor materials, with habits of honest but servile administration, and without that spirit of political concession which the custom of freedom alone can give. Honor then to those that succeed, and no disgrace to those that fail! There are processes which time reserves for his own work; and he jealously throws down, in his daily course, the best attempts to erect by sudden efforts what he himself intends to build slowly and strongly, for the use of ages to come.

The Holy Roman Empire, in which enthusiastic men trace out a figure of German unity not quite recognized by history, ceased, after the Reformation, even to act as an effective federal bond. That great division completely separated the north from the south; and the victories of Frederic the Great, establishing a kingdom of free opinion in religious matters, averted the German mind from the notion of a central power, which it could not as yet conceive to exist anywhere but at Vienna. The independence and autonomy of the lesser states thus became a necessity, which all the despotic liberalism of Joseph II. could not obviate. Austria, too, more than once increased her own do-

minions by the sacrifice of territories which it was not hers to dispose of, and thus entirely lost the character of a protector. The advantages also of a multiplicity of states could not be overlooked. Provincial towns were here cities; and all the appurtenances of social life were multiplied in a proportionate extent. Libraries, picture galleries, theatres, academies, and, above all, universities, abounded as in no other country; and the upper classes found a compensation for the comparative insignificance of fractional states, in the large number of offices and dignities distributed among themselves. For one man whose ambition was thwarted by the limited area he could command, ten were satisfied with an importance which in a great kingdom they could hardly have acquired. It required the French invasion to expose the decay of national feeling and its consequences. The bravery and discipline of the Austrian army, and the devotion of princely and noble personages, could not save Vienna. The far-famed military spirit of Prussia, supported by the ardor which inspired Arndt and Körner, could not protect Berlin. It required years of foreign occupation, insult, and oppression to arouse the common German feeling, which on the field of Leipsic at length recovered the national independence. Terrible experience! The political divisions of Germany had laid her open to the invasion and rule of the stranger, though in the enjoyment of all the powers of which regular governments and established authorities can dispose; while the unity of France had preserved her independence even in the crisis of anarchy, and had enabled her at once to regain her social order and to dictate to Europe.

Yet no sooner was peace restored to Germany, than the princes combined to destroy the very spirit which had saved the country and themselves. The titular Roman empire had been abolished—the diet was reduced to a minimum of power and responsibility—and not only indifference but persecution awaited those who could not abandon the hope for which they had risked life itself. As long as the Germans had fought for their dynasties they had been defeated; when they fought for Germany they were victorious. This, however, it suited the powers to forget; and while the Holy Alliance attempted to bind the princes in one bond of common interest, it utterly neglected the union of the people. Still the sentiment went on, in associations open and secret, in poetical and historical literature, in occasional storms of frantic violence, sometimes in flagrant crime.

The state of feeling generated in Germany by the conferences at Carlsbad and the subsequent proceedings of the diet are admirably illustrated by the work of Professor Görres on “Germany and the Revolution,”* which—proceeding, as it did, from a man of a pure, devotional, spirit—shows what must have been the political excitement of the time, which could make such a person speak of the assassination of Kotzebue as an act, not

indeed Christian, but of a heathen virtue “which God sometimes stirs up to punish Christian hypocrisy.” Examining, at that period, the prospects of a German revolution, he writes:—“In addition to the ideas from whose agitation France underwent a complete change, we have one peculiar to ourselves, namely, that of unity; and such an increase of the fermenting matter must necessarily give rise to a stronger fermentation;” and he implores the governing powers to do all they can to effect these purposes by a gradual transformation; for “things are not so ordered, that any party may first try any other course, and then, at last, when things come to an extremity, fall back on that which was the wiser and the better. When events have once reached the brink of the precipice, all appeal is vain, all discourse is fruitless. No one then stops to ask after consequences.” The author of a book containing such council was, of course, persecuted; but even in his lifetime, the Providence that rules the world has vindicated his sagacity; and if the very worst of his predictions are not realized, it is because, in some partial instances, preparation has been made for the coming day.

The Austrian policy was avowedly one of repression, both for the national and constitutional feelings in Germany. Through the intricate network of its *employés*, and by the presence of its immense army, a temporary security—and, in many provinces, prosperity—was procured. A strict centralization, though it delayed justice, checked the abuses of provincial caprice; and, by an adroit management of the different races who were mingled in several departments of the empire, what might have been, and will be, a chief source of confusion was converted into a system of neutralized forces. Where the nobility were a separate race from the peasantry, as in Galicia, the local authorities could play off their mutual animosities, as they chose, for the imperial service: where the upper class consisted of a conquering race, as in Hungary, considerable freedom was allowed to them as long as they contributed liberally to the wants of the empire, and kept a strong hold over the mass of the people; while the purely German populations were treated with favor, and their Austrian sympathies carefully encouraged. The representatives of this system were the Emperor Francis and Prince Metternich; the former by his very nature, the latter by his education and habits, and, above all, by his belief that this was the only thing to be done. He is said to have consulted some one for an affection of the “*plexus pectoris*,” which, he added, “he must attend to, for he was himself the *plexus Europæ*.” He did not, perhaps, believe that he could check the flight of time; but, at any rate, he would hang heavy on his wings. It is interesting at this moment, to read M. Von Usedom’s estimate of this remarkable man, as a fair specimen of his treatment of his subject, and as conveying what we believe to be a very just impression. We are sorry that our space does not permit us to give the whole.

* Excellently translated into English, in 1820, by Mr. Black.

As often happens to us in our inward life, he completely identified himself both consciously and unconsciously with his system; and at last even in those points which he himself must have known, could not hold. For this system was no tree of natural growth which could without danger lose a branch here and there, but a fast-cemented, dogmatic, mathematical edifice, of which no one stone could fall with impunity. You may be surprised when I tell you, that of all the statesmen of our time, Prince Metternich has the most the character and mode of thought of a man of letters (*Gelehrter*.) I don't mean, as is the case with many others, that he has crammed himself with a mass of encyclopædic and material information, to use either in public transactions or in conversation. But the direction of Prince Metternich's mind is rather towards the investigation of things, rather towards their scientific knowledge, than their practical comprehension. He had indeed, it is said, in his youth devoted himself to a purely literary life, and was only diverted from it by outward influences. By means of this dogmatical disposition, everything that he asserted had at once the weight of a precept, and eventually grew up into an axiom—at least it made that impression on superficial minds. But there have been many pedants among our statesmen, who have attempted this without attaining it; for the power of Metternich, as of Hegel, lay not in the system itself, but in the clear and clever and often profound thoughts with which he knew how to fill it. These thoughts were never petty; their expression was always brilliant and natural; and for the use of more simple hearers, they were dressed up with sharp turns and claptags, which by frequent repetition were meant to acquire, and did acquire, in the minds of the listeners, all the force of a confession of faith. (Pp. 58, 59.)

Shall I say something of the method by which Prince Metternich managed to keep his system going so long? I must confess that I have known no political man of our time who has sustained a system, every day crumbling beneath him, by so complete an impersonation of the statesman as he has done. There was, in his personal demeanor, a union of grandeur and goodness, of simplicity and power, which at once attracted and imposed. Every one knew how far extended the mistrust of his system, and to what a terrible extent it maintained the arm of suspicion throughout Europe; but in the prince himself no trace of this could be found. He seemed to suppose nothing but good in every one that came near him, and placed him at once on a footing of equality, however far he knew him to be removed from himself in political opinion. It must have made a surprising and often an overpowering impression on a strange visitor, to find in Prince Metternich, the soul of the system, a humane and liberal man, friendly and easy, unmatched in intelligent unpretending conversation, and showing the most natural kindness in little things. Thus the clever, vain, literary opponents of the prince almost always gave way before him; and I doubt whether among the many whom he saw and spoke with, there is a single one who has so far got over those impressions as to have spoken or written of him in otherwise than a respectful tone. * * *

The transaction of business was in his hands the simplest and most natural you can imagine. He never, indeed, placed himself in your point of view, but always placed you in his, and never seemed to suppose, but that at the bottom you were perfectly agreed with him, although you might be for obtain-

ing the same just and good objects by different means. With the most spontaneous openness he would lead you to the very edge of confidential communication, and in that way keep still closer all he himself wished to conceal. The words and writings in which he has vindicated his system, and directed it to a particular object, all contain so much that is really true and excellent, that the reader or hearer swallows what is half-true and apparently true along with it. * * *

It is not Prince Metternich but Genz, and those like him, who acted parts in the system without believing in it. Of the prince himself, I have never had the impression, however paradoxical it may sound, that he was one of those persons whose soul was really inaccessible to the ideas of political freedom. His political education, the impressions of which long influenced him, did not fall on a time when absolutism was taught as the political gospel. Do you remember the writings of Koch, who was, I believe, Metternich's teacher at the University of Strasbourg, how completely they are pervaded by an objective, impartial, political spirit? Koch wrote political physiology without always regarding society either as a judge or as a physician. It is in this historical and scientific way that I believe that the prince accustomed himself to regard the relations of political life, until by later events he was led into the contest against Napoleon, and afterwards was exclusively employed in reconstructing the system of legitimacy. In later years, it is true, this physiological view more and more gave way, and the exclusiveness of the system got the upper hand; his attention became fixed on the requirements of the moment; and after a certain step in the ladder of life, a man changes no more. The maintenance of the empire of Austria, which was only glued together by the system, and the continuous sustentation of the system itself, became an ever-present necessity, which sufficiently explains his position towards Europe. That at once it all fell to pieces, he could not prevent; he submitted to the new destiny; with incessant labor he tried to rescue from the wreck all that could be saved; but the moral bankruptcy of the system worked its way into the public opinion of Austria herself, and all the material forces of government gave way. From my personal knowledge I can testify at least to this, that he foresaw with absolute certainty the great shipwreck of last spring. I was, as you know, at Vienna in the autumn of 1847, being employed in a transaction connected with the events of Italy. He had spoken to me at much length of the political ruin which threatened to fall on Europe soon, perhaps very soon, and of the ever deeper growth and ever wider range of radical and communistic ideas, against which all means of repression had proved ineffectual. I could not at that time believe that things had gone so far, but rather thought that the age would take counsel from these events, and learn prudence from the failure of such a policy. With respect to the future, the prince would assert nothing:—"I am no prophet," he said, "and I know not what will happen: but I am an old practitioner, and know how to discriminate between curable and fatal diseases. This one is fatal; here we hold fast as long as we can, but I despair of the issue." So spoke Prince Metternich walking up and down in the gay apartment of his villa at the Rennweg, on the evening of the 9th of October before he returned to Vienna. He never saw it again. But even then, knowing as I did with what continual anxiety and labor he occupied himself in the affairs of Italy and Switzerland, and how he frequently wrote and gave

instructions for fifteen hours together without repose—whenever the inscription over the entrance of that fine and spacious country-house, “*Parva domus, magna quies,*” presented itself to my eyes, I felt that falser words had never been engraven upon stone. (Pp. 64—69.)

There is indeed something profoundly pathetic in this picture; and however well we know that Prince Metternich's fall was just in itself and good for humanity, yet this brave defence of the impossible was not without a certain grandeur—like the struggle of those elder gods, to whose patriarchal tyranny distracted later generations looked regretfully back—idealizing the *Saturnia regna*.

The unwillingness of the nobility to take any part in political life—in some families, such as the Lichtensteine, it was a tradition that no member had been in the civil service—was one of the causes of Prince Metternich's despair of the future of Austria; and we say with regret that the new constitution of Count Stadion does not authorize us to believe that he is the man to save the distracted and all but dismembered empire. If really worked out it would give the Slavonic element the preponderance, which the German population could not endure; and yet its special provisions are so unwelcome to that very race, that Bohemia and Croatia have received it with repugnance. It is altogether founded on the assumption of the existence of an uncontested, strong and resolute government—whereas there is nothing but a large army. The contempt for the representative system, shown by the forcible dispersion, without official notice, of the unresisting assembly at Kremsler, has neutralized all the good the proclamation of the constitution might have effected. It contains no such clause as that in the present Prussian one: “That it will be subject to the immediate revision of a new assembly.”* It provides nothing for the federal development, which is alone possible, if Austria is to hold together; but it attempts to construct the edifice of future liberty out of the very ruins which Prince Metternich left behind. The contest with Hungary is still a drawn battle; in Lombardy the war is renewed, even while we are writing, exacerbated by the victories and violences of Marshal Radetsky: in Vienna and Prague the murmurs of insurrections, fiercely suppressed, are yet audible; and behind all, lower the ambitious instincts of Slavonia, guided by the diplomacy of Russia. What paper constitution could live here? Perhaps not the wisest.

M. von Usedom's “Reflections on the Political State of Germany” admit the total subversion, or rather suspension, of authority throughout the country. The princes, however personally amiable and well-intentioned, have produced no one man who can wield and guide the new elements of society. In a former article we drew the gloomiest anticipations from the inability of the constituted authorities

in Prussia to execute the law; and since, (for the Germans make a theory of everything,) we have heard Held, then a leading Berlin democrat, enunciating “that it has always been the law by which freedom has been fettered, and against which the people have struggled; only do away altogether with law, and the tranquillity of the people follows as a natural consequence; pure anarchy is our only hope.” Such language could never have been held or endured where the people retained any reverence for anything above them; but to this condition a bad political system had reduced the best educated and most reasoning of continental nations, which has now, indeed, entered on a safer path, and may profit by recent experience. In the smaller states, the royal and noble classes still stand in hopeless fear of the unorganized masses, on whose spontaneous moderation hangs the daily safety of their lives and property. The word “Republic” has come to mean whatever the people choose to do; *lass uns Republik machen*, imports, “let us go and make a row.” Even the poor temporary remedy of military force is not here at hand, for the armed contingent of the smaller states is inefficient for any such purpose. The people, on their side, stand aloof in sullen discontent; they have the power, but not the right; they, too, have their little property, which they do not wish to endanger; they, too, have their families, for whom they wish to live; and thus they look anxiously for means to attain their ends without civil strife. The “central power” at Frankfort thus attracts both high and low—the necessities of the princes and the desires of the people—and it owes this distinction to its object and its origin. Its object, although, as we have stated, the long desire of Germany, was principally fostered in the liberal states of the south and west. The Upper Rhine was left defenceless by Austria, who had undertaken to protect it; and the ramparts of Germany in that quarter began at Ulm. The statesmen of Baden, Darmstadt, and Nassau, had not even the field, which the monarchies afforded, for their influence and fame—and yet such men as Gagern were among them. These and other causes induced the more liberal portion of Germany earnestly to look to the establishment of a centre of rule, as the best security both for the material interests and political development of their common country. Again, the origin of the Assembly at Frankfort was thoroughly spontaneous; there was nothing *octroyé* about it. History affords no example of such an authority as that of the “*Vorparlament*” growing up without any extraneous support, simply because it was wanted—though M. von Usedom compares it to the rise of the Papacy. The Assembly which it summoned has rather ratified than enacted what the time demanded; but it is of inestimable importance that the fundamental rights (*Grund-rechte*) which are to close the feudal system in Germany, should have this solemn sanction, and not proceed from the mere strong popular will: it is of incalculable worth for the future, that the people should look on the abolition of the *cor-*

* Art. 112 of the Prussian Constitution of December 5, 1848.

cée, the game-laws, and other privileges, by which they suffered, as proceeding from a superior wisdom, and not from their own physical strength.

But it is, above all, necessary that the character of the central power should be rightly understood and carefully preserved. A mere confederation can do nothing in such a conjuncture as this; where what is wanted is not the expression of a harmonious will, but the exercise of a recognized and legitimate authority. De Tocqueville—in that work which is to our times what Aristotle's "Politics" was to antiquity—clearly expounds the distinctions between the first and second American unions, and shows how the one was transitory and powerless, the other the firmest government the world has yet seen. The whole turns, not so much upon the extent of the powers delegated to the central authority—as upon the right of that authority itself to execute its own laws. Though every citizen remains a member of his own state, in the enjoyment of his state rights, he is a subject of the union; and thus all the vitality of central power is combined with all the freedom of distinct legislation.

This is, in fact, the model which the constituent assembly of Frankfort has long kept in mind; and this, of itself, has been felt to be sufficient to render the incorporation of Austria with Germany impossible. To require of Austria, that she should have no separate diplomatic representation, and no military force distinct from the German Federal army—no line of custom-houses between herself and Germany, and yet one between her German and her non-German provinces—would have been a demand tantamount to a dissolution of the Austrian empire. That, on the other hand, the diplomacy, the army, and the Zollverein of Germany should be absorbed into Austria, and that the high intellectual and political development of the north should merge itself in an inferior civilization, was just as impossible. And, beyond all other considerations, it was evident that, if either of these schemes were realized, Europe would not quietly stand by and watch the construction of a monarchy of seventy-four millions of inhabitants—far more compact and homogeneous than ever Napoleon had realized.* The embarrassments which the German subjects of Denmark and Holland have brought into the scheme are as nothing compared with the difficulties and dangers which would accrue to any arrangement that mixed up the rights and powers of Germany with the claims and possessions of Austria in countries not German. If Germany should guarantee to Austria the retention of her fifteen millions of non-German subjects, she would have to inaugurate her new national constitution by two sanguinary wars with nations striving for their national

rights—an inconsistency too flagrant even for the assembly that accused Arnold Rüge of treason when he compared Radetsky to Tilly, and wished no success to his arms. The present state of things in Austria, also, as confirmed by the new constitution, gives no hope of any such separate provincial development, as might enable the German subjects of Austria to become connected with the German empire by some process, which should not implicate German interests with non-German.

All these difficulties presented themselves clearly to the statesmanlike intelligence of Baron Gagern, and received what seems to us their best solution in his speech of the 30th October of the last year. He proposed that Germany and Austria should constitute themselves into two distinct independent empires—linked together by a perpetual defensive league, as far as regards the German possessions of Austria, on the basis of the confederation of 1815. This would include Moravia, Bohemia, and Istria, as far as Trieste and its territory; and if any alteration was to be made in the terms of the alliance, it should be of a nature rather to strengthen than to weaken the federal act of 1815. By this arrangement Austria could lose nothing, whatever Germany gained. For all purposes of national defence she would have the assistance of the compact army of the German empire, instead of a number of separate contingents—the value of which change every military man will at once appreciate:—and she would remain perfectly independent in all her own international relations. The majority of the Frankfort Assembly would not listen to this proposal at the time; in the belief that Austria would be forced to waive all other considerations, and to allow her German provinces to be absorbed into Germany. Austria, on the other hand, instead of yielding the point, has attempted, by many covert plans, to gain for herself such a predominance in the German constitution as would really give her the empire of central Europe. She has tried to induce the assembly to substitute a parliament composed of delegates of the princes and deputies from the assemblies of the different states, with an executive directory of seven princes, for the two houses already agreed upon by Prussia and thirty of the other German states. By this plan the popular elements, which can alone give a permanent vitality to the constitution, would be altogether suppressed; and the mixed thirty-eight millions with which Austria would join the confederation might easily be made to give her a predominance over the German thirty-five. But it is very improbable that any such attempt can now succeed. The opinion of Gagern has been gradually gaining ground in the minds of the best men in the assembly, in the rest of Germany, and even in England. It may be retarded by the late votes of the assembly, where a small majority, dexterously summoned, has thrown their proceedings into disorder. But it combines so many advantages, otherwise unattainable, that, unless Austria is to keep aloof entirely, we incline to believe

* When Germany itself shall be united upon this point, all the old notions of a balance of power will give way of necessity in Europe, as they have done here. And any menaces of England, France and Russia, will be as little heeded as was M. Guizot's foolish threat of establishing a balance of power in America. The people need no balance of power against their own weight—nor can any such balance be found.—LIVING AGE.

that it, or some scheme very similar, will at last prevail. In France revolutions little alter the internal fabric of society, and slightly affect its foreign relations; though the independence of Italy demands the sympathy of all men who, being freemen at heart, honor the desire of freedom in others, the political question will probably remain exclusively Italian; but the solid establishment of a German empire on a constitutional and representative basis would soon make European despotism impossible and Europe really secure.

As long as Austria possessed Belgium, the ecclesiastical states and the Brisgau, she, as it were, wrapped round the German territories, and was their natural protector; now she is a continuous kingdom to Germany, and has another function to perform. She has to protect Europe from eastern aggression; to extend an efficient protection to the menaced principalities of Turkey; and to raise up a southern and more civilized Slavonia, as a balance to the power of the north. Disembarrassed of alien conquests, which exhaust her strength, and give her the character of an oppressor in Europe, and safe from Russian aggression in her alliance with Germany, there would still be a glorious and useful future for Austria, in which no power would more heartily rejoice than England, her old ally.

Supposing the erection of a German Empire, there is the further question—Who is to be emperor? In this case, notwithstanding the facts of M. Welcker's motion, it still appears to us as the most probable issue out of the difficulties of Germany, that its imperial crown should finally rest on the house of Hohenzollern. Already all the states below the rank of kingdoms, with the exception of Lichtenstein, an Austrian dependency, have submitted their claims to its present head. The northern monarchies are not in a condition to resist the popular demand; and Bavaria can scarcely stand alone. The King of Prussia may, then, soon have to undertake this solemn responsibility. Whatever have been his faults, he has suffered much, and he is a man to learn by suffering; he has a sound and generous heart. And we, who did not flatter him in his easier days, would bid him good cheer in this great and difficult work, on the success of which may depend the principle, not, perhaps, of national independence—which, we trust, is above the acts of individual men—but that of constitutional monarchy, which kings can really emperil and destroy.

We would willingly follow M. von Usedom to Italy, where he recognizes the identical difficulties he has signalized in Germany. But for the passion of Italian nationality, aggravated by the presence of the stranger in the north, the timely reforms of the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany would have fully succeeded. Even now we deprecate foreign intervention, because such an interference is police, not government; it may put down a riot, but it can only embitter a revolution. The Pope, whose Christian feelings would not allow him to act on his Italian sympathies and to

follow the banners he had blessed, cannot return to the Vatican over the dead bodies of his subjects, without shaming Christendom. If he and the Grand Duke bide their time, it may come; and they may regain a power which it must be allowed they did not abuse. Let them stand apart, if they will; but do not let them aggravate the calamities of the great contest on which Italy is again entering, and which, if anarchy does not succeed despotism, may give to Rome itself a fresh significance in the history of mankind.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE THREE SISTERS.

"WE are three sisters worn with grief and tears,
Grown gray with sorrow rather than with years;
Well versed in grief, dejected, and deprest,
Each deems her own has been the hardest part.
Approach; the poet knows the human heart—
Be it thy task to set the strife at rest.

First, learn *my* grief, how fearful and how deep;
Starting, I woke from childhood's rosy sleep,
The bud unclosed, a secret thrill came o'er me—
Love's breath drew forth the blossom to the light,
A hero raised me to his own proud height,
And life and all its charms lay bright before me!

Already with the bridal myrtle crowned,
For him in whom my very being was bound,
I watched with mingled fear and rapture glowing.
The marriage torches cast their ruddy glare—
They brought me in his corpse and laid it there;
From seven deep wounds his crimson heart's blood
flowing.

The nameless horror of that awful night,
That is the image stamped upon my sight;
Waking or sleeping, oh! it haunts me still.
I cannot live—to death I now belong;
And yet I cannot die! O God! how long
Must all these tortures last that will not kill?"

The second took the word with trembling frame;
The image is of *blood*, and not of *shame*,
That sleeping still, or waking, meets her view.
"My heart, too, opened to that breath divine,
Anguish and rapture, they have both been mine;
In *me* the cup of love has mantled, too.

The glory vanished from the loved one's brow,
I saw him selfish, mean! How faded now
His brightness! yet I loved him—*him* alone!
He fled: if shame yet chain him to her side,
Or raving madness drive him far and wide,
I know not; but the *grief* is all mine own."

She ceased; her sister sadly took the word.
"Thou pausest now their sorrows thou hast heard,
Uncertain how to choose betwixt the twain.
Have they not lived and loved? Our common doom,
Though Sorrow wrapt them in her veil of gloom,
And bade them to the dregs her chalice drain.

In one brief sentence all my bitter cause
Of sorrow dwells: then, arbiter, oh pause,
Ere yet thy final judgment thou assign,
And learn my better right—too clearly proved:
Four words comprise it—I *was never loved*!
The palm of grief, thou wilt allow, is mine."

From the British Quarterly Review.

1. *Wanley's Catalogue appended to Hickes' Thesaurus.* 1726.
2. *Catalogues of the Manuscripts in the British Museum.*
3. *Catalogues of Additional Manuscripts.* 1840—46.
4. "*Palæographica Sacra Pictoria.*" By J. O. WESTWOOD. 1843—5.
5. *Shaw's Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages.* 1842.
6. *The Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages.* Parts 1 to 10. By HENRY N. HUMPHREYS. 1848.

WHEN Humphrey Wanley, some hundred and twenty years ago, described so admirably the splendid manuscripts in the Cotton Library, and in that belonging to his "good lord and master," Harley, Earl of Oxford, with what superëminent scorn was the information received by "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," and who gave laws to taste alike in books, wigs, and walking-canes. Musty relics of the dark ages, mere gew-gaw books, with gilt gingerbread pictures—fit enough for our Gothic ancestors, and fit enough, indeed, for the Hearnese, the Wanleys, and the Hickes, whose appropriate task it would be to edit Tom Thumb; but for Harley! Harley, who could actually appreciate modern literature, who boasted his Elzevirs, his Aldine, "editiones principes," that he should patronize such trash, and even send abroad at great cost to purchase more—a shrug of the shoulders, an additional pinch of snuff, as the eye glanced along the bookshelves of a fine gentleman's library, graced with "twelve French romances, neatly gilt," and the last new plays, adorned with "cuts" of heroes in ruffles, and goddesses in flowered negligées, perhaps with a knowing shake of the head, and remark that "the pope, devil, and pretender" had something to do with it, could alone express their contempt and astonishment. Thus passed over with supreme indifference, these curious and beautiful manuscripts, to which we have made so many a pleasant pilgrimage, and whose pages we have with such loving reverence turned over, slumbered in undisturbed obscurity; and when, in consequence of Sir Hans Sloane's munificent bequest, the first steps were taken to render the Cotton Library and Harleian collection of manuscripts, together with the Royal Library, national property, it was actually on the plea of their value as *legal records* that the minister chiefly relied to induce country gentlemen and London beaux to acquiesce in his motion for that purpose. Safely enshrined in Montague House, still they lay unnoticed, almost unknown; and yet, strange it was, that an age which flaunted in silks of every color of the rainbow, and edged gentlemen's hats, waistcoats, and button-holes with gold lace, should have maintained plain letter-press as an article of orthodox faith, and anathematized gold, and vermilion capitals; strange that an age which doated on China and Dresden ware should have turned so scornfully from brighter colors, and far more elaborate finish. But so it was; the age that witnessed so many tons of marble hewn into

unwieldy Fames and Dutch-built cardinal virtues, that lauded Hogarth's coarseness, but passed over his fine feeling and his fine moral, was not prepared to appreciate works belonging to a period so widely different. What had the 18th century to do with "the dark ages," save to scorn them; or rather use them to point a moral; just as in one of Mrs. Barbauld's Essays we are told, that during that long slumber of mind "painting employed herself upon a missal, and sculpture carved a saint?" How exquisite that missal, how graceful that sculptured saint, little did the essayist or her readers dream.

Perhaps, for awakening that taste for mediæval art, which has now become almost fashionable, more is due than is generally supposed, to one who has been often most unjustly stigmatized as a superficial coxcomb, but who assuredly was not—Horace Walpole. We may smile at the pseudo-gothic marvels of his "Castle of Otranto," at his "paper fabric," Strawberry Hill; but we need not smile at his miscellaneous collections of antiquities and curiosities, far less at the use he made of them. The man who, though brought up at the court of George the Second, and surrounded from youth by the veriest "fools of fashion," could perceive there was a beauty in downright unfashionable things, must have possessed the true artist's eye; and it was he that first placed the illuminated manuscript beside Petitot's enamels, and Oliver's miniatures, and challenged powdered beaux and furbelowed belles to acknowledge beauty in all the three. And his startled guests, won over by the brilliant conversation of their host, almost before aware, agreed with him that mediæval art had a beauty as well as Chinese, and that mediæval architecture was more than "endurable." Lady Bettys and Lady Charlottes, who had never before recognized aught of beauty beyond their toupéed beaux, their pet lap-dogs, and their old china, were won to look lovingly upon stained glass and illuminated borders; and country gentlemen went home to their manor houses, determined to hunt up all the "strange old world things" which had been stowed away in neglected corners, and commence antiquary and virtuoso at once.

It was something for Horace Walpole to do this; but his influence on the artists of the day was more important. A taste for correct costume began to prevail—a taste encouraged by West, and which forms his chief praise. Strutt sent forth his useful illustrations, which, although most coarse and rude, compared with many of the beautiful originals, still administered to the growing taste. The manuscripts from whence his engravings were taken, in time became objects of interest to some of our rising artists, and when Stothard, as a designer of vignettes, attracted deserved admiration for the simple grace and peculiar elegance of his figures, he could tell us that it was from the long-neglected ancient illuminations that this his crowning excellence was derived. In the literary world, the same recurrence to our earlier models may be traced. Percy's Reliques led the

way; Southey's delightful ballads, which filled our childish mind with witching dreams of the olden times, Scott's fine romances of chivalry, prose and poetical, Hallam's graphic view of the middle ages—all contributed to direct attention to the earlier periods of European history; and while the philosopher discovered that there was much well worthy his contemplation in "those wonderful middle ages," the poet, but especially the artist, found in their picturesque incidents, and picturesque observances, a field wide enough for the utmost exercise of the most varied talent.

And thus "gothic," from being a word of scorn, has become a pleasant household word, and the illuminated manuscript is now the object of almost fashionable admiration. In this year 1849, how great is the change! Longmans, with their extensive list of illuminated "Drawing-room Books;" Transatlantic publishers vying with them, and advertising modern poems, rather incongruously "illuminated in the missal style;" stationers' shops, gay with almanacs adorned with painted arches in cobalt, vermilion, and bright gold; even pocket-books and note-paper, with huge capitals of every color; rubric headings, and some very suspicious advances toward ornamented title-pages even in the Tract Society's windows; while Mr. Nelson, the publisher of puritan reprints, in his pretty little hand-books has boldly ventured upon illuminated title-pages, with capitals in the genuine "missal style." Now, since in all this, *we* can perceive no more connection with popery, or tractarianism, than between Tenterden steeple and the Godwin Sands, we heartily rejoice, for we view it as the natural result of a growing interest in the antiquities of our country, and as evidence of the wider diffusion of artistic taste.

While so many imitation illuminations are thus claiming our attention, and several valuable works, affording fac-simile illustrations of the genuine, are demanding notice, a short sketch of some chiefly English, of the most interesting and beautiful, of those enshrined in our great national depository will, we trust, afford our readers as pleasant an hour as the originals have for many a *not* long hour afforded us. And indeed, independently of their beauty, an interest of no ordinary kind clusters round them. They are not mere relics of the past, but direct specific memorials of scenes and events, of men and their deeds, which have taken place in history. This almost priceless volume, St. Cuthbert's Gospels, the venerable Bede undoubtedly turned over. On these mouldering pages, Athelstan and successive Saxon monarchs placed the hand; when, girt with the sword as "war-king," and bearing his crown as chief ruler, each took the threefold oath "to all Christian people to hold true peace, to forbid stoutrife and injustice to all, and in all judgments to use justice and mild-heartedness, that so the mild-hearted God may, through his everlasting mercy, forgive us all." This huge volume, Alcuine, that illustrious scholar, presented to Char-

lemagne; this precious psalter, with its richly-carved ivory cover, the Queen of Jerusalem held in her delicate hands as she passed along the tapestried way to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This volume of chivalry was presented as a bridal gift to Margaret of Anjou, by the valiant Earl of Salisbury; this most exquisite of missals was illuminated under the superintendence of her father, King René, and in part painted by his own hand; this Froissart was illuminated at the especial command of Edward IV.; and this gorgeous book Henry VIII. presented to Katherine of Arragon, ere Anne Boleyn or change of faith were in his thoughts. Interesting for the portrait, the autograph, the long series of historical associations, as well as for their pictorial beauty, are these volumes.

Ere entering on our subject, we may as well remark that much misapprehension as to the object of illuminations has prevailed in consequence of those hackneyed phrases, "monkish illuminator" and "illuminated missal." Indeed, from the way in which the latter phrase is used in advertisements, many a worthy Protestant might suppose that missals only were thus ornamented, like a late writer on "church needle-work," who gravely tells us that ladies in the middle ages bestowed all their stitchery on frontals and altar-cloths, and copes, and chasubles. We are therefore anxious to inform such readers that the skill of the illuminator from a very early period was also invoked for the book of poetry, and the pleasant prose history; and that charters, diplomas, even treaties between monarchs and states, were often thus adorned. Even among ecclesiastical books, the number of gospels, of psalters, of selections from Scripture history, far exceeds that of missals.

The early history of the art of illumination is involved in much obscurity. It appears to have been first practised by Byzantine artists, and to have come into use about the third or fourth century. Perhaps the change which about then took place in the form of the volume, by substituting a collection of leaves for the continuous roll, first suggested to the scribe the applicability of ornament to that which bore the exact resemblance of a tablet. The earliest Greek illuminations seem to us to corroborate our view, since the ornaments are little more than a square frame-work of colored borders; and where pictures are introduced, they are square also, and surrounded by a simple gold border, relieved by a darker margin. The writing of these manuscripts is often very beautiful, and sometimes the text was gold. Such was the splendid volume which the Emperor Maximinus, the younger, received from his mother—a copy of Homer on purple parchment in letters of gold. The earliest illuminated manuscript in the British Museum is the "Codex Genesios," in the Cotton Library, considered to be of the third century, and which unfortunately was almost destroyed in the disastrous fire in 1731. A few leaves still remain, and a fine specimen, which

may well increase our regret for its irreparable damage, is given by Mr. Westwood. There are various other Greek manuscripts; but while we can trace the progress of the art from very rude beginnings up to superior excellence, in those of Western Europe, the Byzantine present, age after age, even to the fourteenth century, the same neat finish, indeed, but also the same servile style, the same spiritless reproduction of the old "authorized" types. It was to these servile copyists, however, that our forefathers owed their first lessons in illumination. Byzantium gave lessons to Italy, just as, in earlier times, the Greek gave lessons to the Roman; and with the church ornaments, the silken vestments, the pictured banner, St. Augustine and his monks brought the illuminated gospels; and while they taught their Saxon converts to build the church, and to carve the shrine, they also taught them to write, and adorn with paintings the books for the altar.

The earliest of these Saxon books is, singularly enough, one of the most, if not the most beautiful of that time, the "Durham book," or the "Lindisfarne Gospels." It may appear strange that within a century of the mission of St. Augustine, and in so remote a part, a copy of the Gospels, so splendid alike for its size and its elaborate finish, should be found. But we learn from Bede, that great eagerness was expressed, during the seventh century, for large and ornamented church books; that Benedict, the founder of Bishopswearmouth monastery, went many times to Rome and brought from thence "innumerable books and pictures," that Wilfred, Archbishop of York, and Egbert, his successor, both were unremitting in their encouragement of the convent scribe, and that St. Cuthbert—for whom, according to very ancient tradition, this volume was written, also encouraged his monks to employ themselves in such works. It was with much interest that we opened this volume, a large quarto of 516 pages, and looked at the beautiful letter in rich glossy black ink, large as school-boys' "round-hand," and between the lines, in a small, almost running hand, the Saxon gloss, commencing "oniginethe godspelles." This gloss, however, is considered to be more than two centuries later than the text, which a note at the end informs us was written by Eadfrith, monk of Lindisfarne, that it was illuminated by Æthelwald, and that a silver-gilt cover, adorned with precious stones, was made for it by Bilfrith, in honor of God, and St. Cuthbert. The first page consists of an elaborate ornament filling the whole, and so closely resembling a tessellated pavement that we can scarcely doubt that Æthelwald actually copied some Roman pavement, of which, at this period, we know there were many in his immediate neighborhood. Opposite, a most curious initial letter, formed of intricate convolutions and serpent heads, fills up a large portion of the page. There is great neatness of execution in these, and the colors, unlike those of the Greek manuscripts, have the brightness and consistency of dissolved

sealing-wax. The smaller capitals have a row of red dots round them, a peculiarity common to the far ruder Irish manuscripts, of the same period. We have next a large painting of St. Matthew, stark and stiff, with the huge hands and splay feet of the Byzantine model; and then, what are termed "the Eusebian canons," placed within a large circular arch, supported by six smaller ones; and then follows the gospel. Another most elaborate specimen of tessellated pavement, filling the whole page, succeeds; and then St. Mark is represented writing, the winged lion, with back so long as to form a kind of arch, prancing right over his head, the mane very carefully curled, and the tail finished with a supplementary tassel. Although scarcely so good a resemblance as the worthy illuminator might have made had zoological gardens been in fashion, we still should have recognized the royal beast, without "imago leonis" being written on the side. St. Luke is also sitting writing, and over his head is a most weasel-looking animal with a formal face, diminutive horns, and large wings. Over this, it was indeed necessary to write, "imago vituli;" but strange does it seem that the painter could not have made a better copy from the dun wild cattle that roamed the woods, or the dappled herds that fed peacefully in the green meadows of Lindisfarne. Another page of intricate tessellated work, and the huge capital, and the finely-written gospel, follow. Then St. John appears, with a pleasing youthful face, and an eagle, tolerably well drawn, over his head. The tessellated page which follows is even more elaborate than the preceding three. It is divided into four compartments, by a kind of St. Andrew's cross, and is ornamented with the Grecian key pattern, executed with singular neatness and accuracy. The Grecian key is also seen on the pillars of the compartments which enclose the calendar. This to us is an additional proof that the Roman remains, near Lindisfarne, furnished brother Æthelwald with hints for his splendid work, rather than, as Mr. Westwood inclines to think, the Irish books of prayer. The serpents and dragons, which intertwine so spiritedly in the huge capitals, may, we think, be referred to a northern source. Both, we know, played an important part in Runic fable, and with that love of type and emblem which distinguished these early ages, might not the Saxon illuminator use them to typify the gospel's triumph over the powers of darkness? Some other ornaments seemed to be brother Æthelwald's own fancy, especially a very neatly-finished border formed of white birds, resembling cranes, the long red leg interlacing the wing of the next, and really forming a rather graceful ornament. With that correct eye for color, which the illuminator, from the earliest period, seems to have possessed; these are placed on a rich blue ground, and so brilliant is the white, and so delicately is the thick body color laid on, that the birds "stand out," like a low-relief carving in ivory. Specimens of the type

and initial letters may be seen both in Messrs. Shaw's and Westwood's works. Mr. Humphreys, too, has dedicated one of his large pages to this valuable manuscript, and has given one of the finest capitals. We greatly wish, however, that all the pages of what we have termed the tessellated work, or at least one of them, could be given. Its intricacy and great variety would astonish the artist. The cost of such publication would, however, be too great for a private undertaking; but could not the Society of Antiquaries, or the Archæological Institute do it?

We can well imagine the wonder which this fine book of the Gospels excited when finished; nor can we wonder at the care with which, in its splendid cover, it was cherished by the monks of Lindisfarne; nor how, when compelled, two hundred years after, to flee before the invading Danes, the precious volume, together with the body of St. Cuthbert, was carried away as their choicest treasures. There needs, we think, no tale of miracles to account for the preservation of this cherished volume when it fell into the sea, nor for its discovery, "high and dry," on the beach seven years afterward, "with all its outward splendor, as well as its letters and leaves, and all its inward beauty, sound and perfect;" for mere earnest care could effect this. But by Simeon of Durham, when he gazed upon it in Durham Cathedral, the tale was right soothly believed, and the precious book became invested with a higher sanctity in his eyes than even from St. Cuthbert having owned it, or the venerable Bede having turned over its pages. We have been minute in our description of this, the earliest known Saxon manuscript, from the many interesting associations it awakens. To the English scholar it has an additional interest, the neatly-written gloss, or version, being one of the earliest—and, we believe, almost only specimen of Northumbrian Saxon. Bede, as his last labor of love, translated the Gospel of St. John; but here is the translation of the four. A most interesting note, in faded red ink, states, that this version was made by Aldret, "*bonæ mulieris, filius, eximius.*" Such is the testimony borne by some nameless friend to the excellency of Aldret and his mother, who probably urged him to his task, and which remains, after a lapse of nine hundred years, as a memorial.

From the ecclesiastical history of Bede, as well as from other Saxon chroniclers, we find that ladies were very sedulous in their encouragement of learning, and of manuscript writing. Hilda, who far better deserves the title of saint than many of her later sisterhood, especially encouraged the transcription of manuscripts; and we know that, under the rule of her successor, Ælfrid, the abbey of Whitby maintained its high character, and sent forth many scholars. The female recluses of this period also occupied their time in transcribing manuscripts; and the reader acquainted with the literary history of the seventh and eight centuries, need scarcely be referred to

the evidence afforded by the letters and writings of Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, and Boniface, "the Apostle of Germany." When the latter quitted England, on his mission, he took with him noble books, beautifully adorned, for he trusted their attractions would awaken the interest of the rude tribes among whom he labored. And, thus, in his twenty-eighth epistle to the Abbess Eadburga, the superior of St. Mildred's minster, in the Isle of Thanet, he entreats her to write out the epistles of St. Peter in letters of gold, "for the greater reverence to be paid to the sacred Scriptures," when she read them before her "carnal hearers." It was to this lady that Boniface sent, as a precious gift, frankincense and spices from the East, and, more appropriately, a silver pen. Would that some of the copies made by that silver pen had been handed down to our days! A few pages of gold letters, richly ornamented, and which, from the color of the parchment, are termed "the Purple Gospels," may still be seen among the Cotton Manuscripts; and when we read how Wilfred, Archbishop of York, caused the Gospels to be written "in purest gold, upon leaves of purple of the largest size," for the use of his church at York, may we not believe, when we observe the still brilliant gold, and the large size, (18 inches by 14,) that these are portions of that very copy? The style of ornament greatly resembles the Lindisfarne book; but the gold letters, unlike those in later illuminations, seem to have been formed by powdered gold spread upon size, but not burnished.

England, as is well known, stood higher at this period in learning than continental Europe; and many were the English scholars who, invited by prelates, even by monarchs, quitted their native land. The most illustrious of these was Alcuine, who, in his old age, passed over to France at the urgent invitation of Charlemagne. His biographers have told us how that, as a fitting gift to one who had heaped such honors upon him—a gift that should signalize, not the new year alone, but a new century—Alcuine projected a copy of the whole Bible. And this huge volume, so carefully preserved in its glass case in the manuscript room, there is little doubt is the very gift book. As a work of art, it does not rank very high. The capitals will not bear comparison with the Lindisfarne, nor is the table of the Canons so highly ornamented; there is also but little gold employed. Probably Alcuine, like St. Jerome, rather depreciated "letters of liquefied gold," and adopted also his opinion, that books should be "distinguished not so much for their beauty as their accuracy." As a specimen of the skill of the scribe, however, this is a noble volume, consisting of nine hundred pages, 20 inches by 15 in size, and written in a clear and beautiful hand—probably in parts by Alcuine himself. Unlike most illuminated works, the frontispiece has little to distinguish it—only the title in gold upon purple; but the first leaf of the New Testament displays a large picture—our Saviour seated on a globe,

with an open book, and the emblems of the four evangelists surrounding him; at the corners are four figures with uplifted hands, and a very badly drawn tree beside each—supposed to typify the four doctors of the church. This drawing has all the stiffness, both of form and arrangement, of the Byzantine school; but from the rather pleasing face of the angel that typifies St. Matthew, and the less worn and aged appearance of our Saviour, we should think it was executed by Saxon hands. At the end of the volume is another large picture, apparently representing the ark, with a winged lion and a lamb, to typify the Old and New Testaments. Below is a figure in long drapery, with a label from the mouth, to whom another is presenting a book—probably the “lively effigies” as our puritan forefathers would term it, of Charlemagne and his valued friend the donor. There is little brightness of color in these pictures, which most resemble, both in tint and style, very fine chalk drawings. The gold is somewhat faded; but the fine glossy black letter, and the brilliant rubrics, look as fresh, and the parchment is almost as white, as on that Christmas morning in the year 800, when it was presented as the most valuable of gifts to the Emperor of the West.*

There are several manuscripts of this period to be found in the museum. King Athelstan's Psalter is believed to be of as early a date as 703. This is a very small handbook, and contains four hundred pages. It includes the Kalendar and lunar tables; the Psalter, with rubric prefaces; and, most interesting of all, a series of short prayers in Saxon. This portion of the book is believed to be of a later date. The initial letters are very brilliant, greatly resembling in style the Lindisfarne book. But, interesting as this Psalter is, it seems to have been little heeded in comparison with King Athelstan's “Oath Book,” in the royal library. This has been the object of great admiration to successive antiquaries. Indeed, the fact that it was the identical coronation book of our Saxon kings—and also of our Norman—gives it an interest of no ordinary kind. Like the Psalter, its date has been assigned to the commencement of the eighth century; indeed, at the foot of the first page, we find inscribed in small capitals, each name preceded by a cross, “Odda rex,” and below, “Miht-hild mater regis;” these evidently refer to some petty monarch of the Heptarchy. The book, which contains the Latin Gospels, is preceded by a most beautiful illumination, evidently of the close of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, and which contrasts most disadvantageously with the rude illuminations of the eighth. The Kalendar, which follows, displays the usual ornaments in gold and silver; and then the Gospel of St. Matthew begins with a painting of St. Matthew, the size of the page, which is quarto. The style

is still Byzantine, and the black hair and Jewish features must have appeared strange, we think, to our fair-haired ancestors. St. Mark is seated, holding a book on his lap, and looking up at a very tolerable lion, with a gold circle round his head, who holds a handsome scarlet book, with five gold ornaments, in his paws. The attempt at a back ground in this picture is worthy notice; lurid grays, quite chalky in their appearance, form a kind of distance, and more forward is a mountain, with the lights rather spiritedly touched in. St. Luke is a most Jewish-looking person, very stout, and with enormous hands and feet. He is looking up to a most human-looking ox, that holds rather gracefully a large red book between his hoofs. This curious animal is adorned with black tresses, which hang down on either side of the face, and with its human eyes strongly reminded us of our late gifted friend, Thomas Hood's whimsical sketch of “Io after vaccination.” St. John, contrary to universal custom, appears as a very old man; his hair and beard touched in with very thick white. A really handsome black eagle, with two rolls of parchment in his claws, is looking down, and the spirit with which he is drawn, and the masterly finish which is given to the red, piercing eye, actually startled us in the midst of the tame painting of the rest of the picture, the two first pages of each gospel are in gold letter, and the initials are very elaborate; still we cannot but consider its historical associations its chief claim to admiration.

In the disastrous invasions of the Danes, many of these elaborate books were doubtless destroyed, and few convents continued to offer a secure asylum to the illuminator. Still, during the ninth and tenth centuries, England, according to Sir Frederic Madden, maintained her preëminence even over Italy, in the art of illumination. Many manuscripts of the latter century still remain; some in gold letters and neatly ornamented. Among those of the eleventh century, “Cnut's Latin Gospels” may be placed. This is a small quarto, very beautifully written, and adorned with some very graceful ornaments. It was given by Cnut to Christ Church, Canterbury; and on the leaf at the commencement of St. Mark's Gospel is written the following curious entry in Saxon: “In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Here is written Cnut the king's name. He is our beloved lord worldwards, and our spiritual brother Godwards.” A charter, also in Saxon, follows.

Hitherto, the manuscripts described have been Gospels or Psalters, but works of history and science were also illuminated. There is a translation from Prudentius—his “Psychomachia”—into Saxon in the Cotton Library, which has many drawings in outline with colored inks. Many of these have great spirit, and, independently of their value in illustrating dress and manners, are interesting for the progress they indicate. The curious Kalendar, which dates about the Conquest, is well known, doubtless, to our readers; for it has been called upon to do duty in every work upon Eng-

* A specimen of it may be seen in Mr. Westwood's work, and it may be interesting to some of our readers to know, that the controverted text of the heavenly witnesses is not in this copy of the Vulgate.

lish manners from Strutt's "Horda" down to Knight's "Old England." Still, the more elaborately-finished works were Psalters or Gospels, and these were carefully preserved; but smaller and less expensive books seem to have been in use far more commonly than we might have supposed. There are geographical manuscripts in the Cotton Library, illustrated by drawings, and a work on botany, with very fair representations of various herbs and flowers. These are in Saxon, and consequently appear to be intended for more general use.

The immediate effect of the Conquest seems to have been injurious to the arts. The Saxon convents in later times followed these, almost to the exclusion of "book learning;" but under the reforms of Lanfranc, the ingenuity that constructed the shrine and adorned the missal was little valued, and the scribe who could write a plain bold Roman letter was far more sought after. That the art of illumination underwent a temporary eclipse may be proved, indeed, by the volumes yet remaining of the earliest Anglo-Norman *trouvères*. Choice metrical histories, intended for "my lady's chamber," tales of Brüt and his descendants, of Rollo and his followers, even of "Troy divine," are unadorned, save by a red or blue capital letter. The only exception with which our memory serves us is the large volume of Benoit St. More. Here we have illuminated capitals, but the rich coloring, the bright gold, are wanting; still the hand of the Saxon artist may be traced in the intricate convolutions of the pattern, and the serpentine forms carry us back to Lindisfarne. But, although books for secular use continued unadorned during the earlier part of the twelfth century, some, probably, labors of love of the inmate of the convent, may be found. Among the most interesting of these is a portion of the Old Testament, supposed to belong to a period not later than 1150, and which is in the Royal Library. This fragment begins with the book of Joshua, and is very interesting, as showing the transition from the intricate, but formal Saxon initial, to the varied and often pictured forms of the later style. The first encloses two figures, and in their easy attitudes we perceive a marked departure from the Byzantine model. The next gives us the Saxon type, the dragons, and twisted knots; but foliage is now introduced, and the letter is lengthened and finished with a graceful ornament. The initial F of the first book of Samuel is worthy particular notice. There is an arch divided into three compartments, and in the middle Elkanah is seated, with long beard, bordered long gown, and blue boots—the very picture of a Saxonthane. On his left is Peninnah, with a child on each knee, each holding a cherry-cheeked apple; she "lifts up her head proudly," and there is an expression of scorn on her handsome countenance. On the right, Hannah is seated, looking very wo-begone, and wiping her eyes; her face is very pleasing. There is a dignified bearing and ease in these three figures, which prove how rapidly painting

advanced from the time that Byzantine art ceased to give laws. The ladies are both handsomely dressed, with bordered tunic, white veils, and scarlet slippers. The second book of Samuel gives us another triple arch, with King David in ermine, playing on his harp. An attendant on each side, one scraping away upon a huge violin, and the other blowing a horn with all his might, support him. A brilliant lilac forms the ground color, and dragons and nondescript animals twine up the side with much spirit. But the picture on which the eyes of our forefathers, doubtless, rested with greatest admiration, is the initial P to the second book of Kings. Strange waving lines of red, green, and blue stretch across the upper part of the picture, while below are little blue lines, which rather puzzled us, until, from the figures of three little fishes, we discovered it to be intended for a river. A bright lilac ground, with two curious trees, comes next, and upon this a sort of small cart, drawn by two most curious horses, who are prancing upward. It is the translation of Elijah; but amid all these rude, indeed laughable, accessories, an artist might take a lesson from the fine upturned face of the venerable man, and the strong expression of surprise in the uplifted hand.

Although the colors are very brilliant, and exhibit more variety than the earlier illuminations, the total absence of gold seems to prove this book was not intended for public use. Some of the French and Flemish books of the same period actually blaze with gold and silver; but the stiff Byzantine style is followed, and the ornaments are more remarkable for richness than neat finish. It has been remarked as a singular fact, that the general style of these, especially the interwoven and serpentine capitals, continued unaltered for ages in the provinces around Aix-la-Chapelle. Now, it was in this locality that Boniface and his Saxon countrymen established themselves; we therefore may well suppose that the style which they taught was closely adhered to, perhaps as a fancied religious obligation. The splendid Bible of this century which belonged to the monks of St. Mary and St. Nicholas of Arnstein, and is now in the Harleian Collection, exhibits many proofs of the influence of Saxon art, especially in the huge initial letters, which are above six inches long. Two gorgeous volumes, indeed, are these, exhibiting the laborious skill, if not the taste, of the convent artist. They are profusely adorned with ornaments, and the Grecian key—that favorite pattern of the Lindisfarne painter—meets us again and again in gold and silver, giving a rich inlaid appearance to the huge page. These volumes are ludicrously

Guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell;

for, at the end of the first, we read, "Whosoever takes this away, let him die the death; let him be cooked in a frying-pan, (in *sartaginê*;) let him have the falling sickness and fevers, and be broken

on the wheel and hanged." How the culprit, after the discipline of "the frying-pan," could suffer further punishment, we cannot understand; but the anathema presents a delectable specimen of priestly intolerance. We are gratified to remark that none of our illuminated books as thus guarded.

Towards the close of this century, influenced, perhaps, by the gorgeous habits of our first Plantagenet, the arts seem to have again revived, and again Saxon skill took the lead. About this period, many of the abbeys and cathedrals underwent great alterations. Rich carved work, displaying great delicacy of taste and execution, meets us in many of these remains; and from that most curious narrative of Matthew Paris, respecting the rebuilding and beautifying the abbey church of St. Alban's, we gain much information as to the general interest that was felt in such works, and the large expenditure of money and labor. He tells us how, when the church was finished, it was adorned with paintings by brother Walter, of Colchester, who also carved the woodwork, and gilded it. His aid was also invoked for the church books, which he "beautifully painted," and he also bound them. Would that some of brother Walter's performances had been handed down to us! Brother Henry, of Hyde Abbey—as well as St. Alban's, an old Saxon foundation—distinguished himself, about the same time, by translating Terence, Boethius, Suetonius, and Claudian; and all these he bound himself in one huge volume, and he illuminated the initials, and also made the brazen bosses of the cover. Hyde Abbey, indeed, seems to have been eminent for its illuminators: two of the most beautiful of the later Saxon manuscripts, one in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and one in the Cotton Library, were executed there by a monk named Godeman.

Thick wood covers, adorned with brass, seem to have been the usual style of binding; but leather and silk were sometimes employed; while, for books to be laid on the altar, plates of silver, chased and gilt, were fastened on the rude cover, and sometimes a box to hold relics was added. For smaller books, that most delicate of coverings, carved ivory, was used. There is a most elaborate specimen of this in the Egerton Collection, (No. 1139), a Psalter, which belonged to one of the Queens of Jerusalem about the close of this century. The text presents nothing remarkable, and therefore, to protect its fragile binding, it is encased in a portable glass box. The one side presents six incidents in the life of King David; the other, the six works of mercy: a small shield with the text is placed between the figures in each. The figures are flat in execution, but the interlacing bands—strongly resembling the Saxon style of adornment—the graceful, though nondescript animals that fill up the interstices—the borders "beautiful exceedingly" that surround each side—are exquisite in execution and in taste. The middle of each foliated scroll is finished with a turquoise, the centre ornaments have rubies, and

scarcely could Queen Victoria receive a more royal gift book than this remain of an age turned dark and barbarous.

The thirteenth century was the most stirring of all the middle-age period; and it is interesting to trace how, with the advance of free principles and free inquiry—in England especially—the arts, and eventually our native literature, advanced. The number of illuminated works remaining of this time are not many, but they indicate rapid improvement. No longer trammelled by Byzantine types, the illuminator looked round him for his models, and into his own mind and heart for the expression with which he invested them. One of the most beautiful books in the Museum belongs to this century, probably to the later half: this is the volume called "Queen Mary's Prayer Book," from its having been presented to her on her accession, by Baldwin Smith. This work consists of two different styles of illumination; and by some, the more highly-finished, though far less artistic, have been assigned to an even later date, but we should rather place them at the *beginning* of this century. One argument is, that the pictures are on a golden ground; but the "Abendone Register," which dates as early, has all its figures thus placed. Indeed, the style of the figures in the Register is far superior to those higher-finished ones in Queen Mary's Prayer Book.

The first sixty-five leaves are filled with drawings of Scripture subjects in light pen-and-ink outline, touched in the shading with green and lilac. Each picture, filling half the page, is surrounded by a vermillion band, and the subject is written below in Norman French. The seven days of creation form the first pictures, and the last of these is extremely fine. Our Lord, seated on a throne, with the orb in his left hand, the right uplifted in benediction, reminds us of some classical remain—all is so simple, yet so impressive. On each side, a group of small but very graceful angels are singing and playing upon instruments. After the fall and the expulsion, we have Adam "delving," and Eve, in long dress and flowing hair, spinning, with the large primitive distaff stuck in her girdle. The countenances are truly English; and Adam is digging with a vigorous arm, while Eve sits by, contentedly smiling; in short, they are the genuine husbandman and housewife of the thirteenth century. The Ark makes a very noble figure—a castle placed in a boat, and a long ladder beside it. This occupies a whole page. After other pictures, we come to Abram marrying Sarah, "with a ring," says the inscription; and here is Sarah, a graceful, wimpled figure, holding out "the ring-finger." After some others, we come to the meeting of the servant and Rebekah; and here the poor artist is sorely tried with the camel. He evidently had never seen one, but he had heard of its hump and of its swiftness; so, with much ingenuity, he has drawn a gigantic greyhound with a horse's tail, and placed a sort of saddle-bag on the shoulder. The following picture gives us a full-face view of the camel, which is in

no way improved by a most sinister squint. It is rather singular, that although we find very few instances, even in the rudest drawings, of squinting human beings, the artist seldom manages to give a full face of horse, cow, or donkey without making it cross-eyed. We have the stories of Jacob and Joseph at a very great length. The group surrounding Joseph, when about to sell him to the Ishmaelites, is very spirited, and actually reminded us of some of Raphael's groupings. Poor Joseph is next seen upon a camel, crying bitterly, and the inscription tells us he was taken by "the seneschal of Egypt" to the king. The story of his advancement is told in many pictures, and the horror of the brothers, when their sacks are opened, is really fine. Benjamin is an extremely pretty lad, and Judah stands like a guard over him, in a complete suit of chain-mail. The picture of the birth of Moses is interesting, not only for its pleasing simplicity, but as an English interior, six hundred years ago. The "good wife," in her comfortable curtained bed, her female friends around her, the baby swathed and bandaged, so that it might stand alone, and the little cradle—while a long rush basket, like an eel-trap, and the sorrowful countenances of all, show that the poor child is not to remain there. Among the succeeding pictures, the figure of Moses veiling his face, is very fine; it is treated with the dignified simplicity of sculpture. The history of the Judges affords much scope to the artist. Jephthah, royally crowned, is cutting off his daughter's head with a huge sword. Samson's prowess is delightedly dwelt on, while his "foxes and firebrands" are treated quite in arabesque fashion; a vine overhead intertwines with the corn beneath, and the foxes, leaping and running, form a kind of border. In the history of David, his wars are chiefly depicted; and the drawing of the death of Absalom affords a more minute illustration of the array of knight and warsteed than any we recollect having seen. Absalom hangs by his long hair in complete chain-mail, and his destrere, with bases, chanfron, and high saddle, is running away. Joab, also in armor, but his visor down, is thrusting at him with a long spear; while the device which is drawn on his shield shows the chivalrous horror the illuminator felt at his cowardly perfidy, for it is Sathanas. This curious "pictorial Bible" ends with King Solomon in all his glory; and then begins the Kalendar, in which the upper pictures exhibit the various occupations of the successive months. These are highly-finished miniatures on a thick bright gold, or gold diapered ground, but are not to be compared with the slighter drawings. The well-spread table, with its ample damasked table-cloth and guests, mark January. April gives us maidens gathering flowers; May, a hawking party; while September shows the scene to be England, for, instead of the vintage, we have baskets of apples and the apple-press. The Service follows, and there are many pictures on bright gold, but the figures are bad, and the outlines very harsh. Far different are the series of subjects, which, drawn

and tinted in the same manner as the first series, occupy the foot of each page—birds, beasts, sea monsters, combats of griffins and dragons, a pelican feeding her young, an elephant, not very unlike, with its calf, a ship, and the crew looking rather lovingly at a very pretty mermaid, who holds her glass coquettishly—then a huge monster, with a very long tail, probably the thirteenth century picture of "the great sea-serpent;" various kinds of sports follow—pitching the bar, wrestling, shooting at the popinjay, hunting and hawking. All these are given with such spirit, and are touched off in so masterly a style, that we seem to be looking over the sketch-book of some clever artist. Further on, a series commences which seems to be allegorical, and which, we think, depicts the struggles of the guardian saint and the demon for possession of the maiden. The saint is a beautiful female figure, crowned as a queen; and her attitudes of earnest watchfulness are very natural and graceful. The demon is grotesque enough, and certainly ugly enough; but there is a malignity of expression which places him far above the ridiculous drawings of those who never, like our forefathers, trembled at the thought of an unseen evil one. Nor let the painter of these admirable sketches be considered as a mere servile believer in "all that the nurse and all the priest has taught." Among his sketches are some that our modern advocates for clerical infallibility would little expect to find. Here is a fox standing on his hind legs, with mitre on his head and crosier in his paw, and lifting up the other as though to bespeak the serious attention of his auditors—two or three small birds, a goose, and a heron. On the next page we have reynard making off with one in his mouth, and a woman running after him to knock him on the head with her distaff. A large series of sketches, illustrating the whole life of Becket, follow. These have been given, together with some of the others, by Strutt; but his copies are so rude, that they present no idea of the spirited originals. For whom this most singularly interesting missal was painted we have no knowledge, nor of the artist; but that English art was greatly prized at this time we have proof in the circumstance that Godfrey, abbot of Peterborough, in 1299, presented a Psalter, "written in letters of azure and gold, and wonderfully illuminated," to an Italian cardinal.

Many illuminated books of this period and the beginning of the fourteenth century remain, which might afford pleasant illustrations, but we must pass on to another, erroneously termed a Prayer-book, and which is the chief boast of the Arundel Collection, (No. 63.) This is a very large thick quarto, in beautiful preservation; and in rubric, at the foot of the concluding Kalendar, we read, that it was the gift, in the year 1339, of Robert de Lyle to his daughter Audrey, "with God's blessing and mine;" and that, after her death, it was to become the property of "the ladies of Chicksand," among whom the daughter had doubtless taken the veil. This is, therefore, a

very curious volume, from its being a specimen, we believe unique, of a nun's choir-book; for it is a Psalter and Antiphonal, according to the use of the Gilbertine rule, to which order the convent of Chicksand belonged. And if this be not a very unique specimen, what splendid church books must these "ladies" have possessed. The chief fault, like Queen Mary's Prayer-book, is the profusion of bright gold. Nearly all the pictures—and some of them fill the page—are on a burnished gold ground, and so thick has the size been laid on, that in some instances the figures seem sunk within it. The initial letters, which are very beautiful, are better managed; raised gold forms the letter or the ground, and the most graceful foliage encircles it, and sweeps downward almost to the foot of the page. Lighter foliage, vine, or ivy leaves, some green, some bright gold, wave around the heavier portions, and the masses of shade and color are further "carried off" by most delicate flourishes with the finest pen. Inside the letter is sometimes wreathed foliage, sometimes a picture. The Kalendar, with red-letter and blue-letter days, and the chief feasts indicated by burnished gold, commences the volume; then follow some pictures, more rich than beautiful; and then the Psalter, with the music on four red lines. A border encircles some of the pages, finished off with fine pen-flourishes, and sometimes a small "vignette," like the former book. These consist of birds and beasts, and among them are a most spirited hart and hind. Figures of prophets and saints, in oval medallions, on a ground of bright pierced gold, and delicate armorial bearings, also meet us. Indeed, the variety in the borders and initials would astonish a decorative painter. In some cases, the accessories are very appropriate. The initial letter of the 81st Psalm encloses King David, not playing on the harp, but striking a row of silver bells, like a true Saxon, with hammers. Two figures, one playing the violin, the other the bagpipes, support him; two graceful figures, with harp and small organ, occupy the lower corners of the page; and above, two angels are blowing bannered trumpets. The initial of the 93rd Psalm gives us a group of choristers, singing from a long roll of music; the 110th ("Dixit Dominus") has a representation of the Trinity, finely drawn, and the whole page is gorgeously ornamented. Next follow the "Benedicite," the "Magnificat," &c., all with music prefixed; the "Te Deum," also set to music, and Litanies. This part concludes with a short prayer: "We beseech thee, O Lord, mercifully to hear the prayers of thy people, so that we, who are justly afflicted for our sins, may be mercifully freed, by thy new grace, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Appended to this Antiphonal are a series of very curious pictures. There is an orrery, with all the planets, from "solitary Saturn" to "swift Mercury," moving round in their courses, while, in conformity to the opinion of some of the fathers, the sun is represented by a very ugly flaming

face, and bears the inscription of "Infernus." Pictures from gospel history follow; we should think, by various hands. The Crucifixion occupies a whole page, and a hymn, apparently a very excellent one, is written in couplets on each side. A really beautiful painting follows. This is a medallion head of our Saviour, of great beauty, and finished like enamel, which forms the centre; and from thence branch out ten points, as in a compass, with a medallion at the end of each. This, we are informed, represents the *ten* conditions of human life. A nurse and child, very pleasing figures, are first; then a boy, with his ball; a youth (probably the apprentice,) with scales; a man hawking; and, topmost, a king on his throne. The descending scale begins with a monk and his book; an old man leaning on his staff; then the old man on his death-bed; and lastly, the bier, with the priest reading the service. The tenth, and lowest, is the altar-tomb. All these are on a dead gold ground. Many other pictures follow, all from gospel history, except one, which represents three kings, young men, robed and crowned, and in the next compartment three skeletons. Beneath, are some spirited lines in Norman French; and above, four in old English. Among the concluding pictures are two, which, although exhibiting the harsh outline and stiff draperies of the early illuminations, are worthy of especial notice, for their fine feeling. These are the ascension, and descent of the Holy Spirit. The earnest surprise of the saints and apostles, who are watching their Lord's ascent, in the first; and the solemn, awe-struck expression with which they await the descent of the Spirit in the other, prove how deeply the painter *felt* his subject. Innumerable artists in the present day could design, and group, and color, far better than this illuminator of the fourteenth century; but we doubt whether even two or three could throw into a score of uplifted faces, an expression so varied, and yet so appropriate and harmonious, as here. The ink used in this beautiful volume, we should think, was Indian ink; the gold is evidently gold leaf, but much thicker than the modern, for in the pierced or pricked backgrounds, it stands out like a highly burnished plate. The great care which "the ladies of Chicksand" took of this volume, is evidenced by fine lawn being placed between several of the pictures. It is very interesting to see a specimen of the manufactures of the middle ages, like this, which probably was cut from the same piece which supplied wimples for the fair recluses. The texture is exceedingly fine and even; and one piece so very clear as well as fine, that we are not surprised at a Latin poet of the middle ages terming the lady's veil "woven air."

During the whole of Edward III.'s brilliant reign, the demand for illuminated manuscripts advanced; and the art was now followed by secular persons, of whom there were great numbers in Flanders. Many an illuminator, as well as scribe, now doubtless dwelt in Paternoster-row, for deeds, charters, law books—intended for pub-

lie use—were thus ornamented. We saw some time since very beautiful illuminations of this period in an old law manuscript, at the town clerk's office; and some of the books of the city companies, toward the close of this and beginning of the following century, are also very finely ornamented. Many treaties and agreements, richly illuminated, are in the Museum. The documents relating to the peace of Bretigny, are thus adorned; and the grant of Aquitaine by Edward to the Black Prince, gives highly finished miniatures of the father and son, in the initial D. These may be seen in Mr. Shaw's work, and also another initial, containing the portrait of King John of France. Froissart's delightful chronicles were honored, almost upon their first appearance, by being illuminated, for we find that as early as 1381, the Duke of Anjou caused "fifty-six quires of the chronicles of Johan Froissart, which he had sent to be illuminated for the King of England, to be seized." Whether this copy was eventually sent, we know not; but no copies earlier than the fifteenth century are to be found in the Museum. When Froissart visited England in 1395, he presented his poetical work, "*Meliador*," to King Richard; and he tells us how it was "fairly written, and illuminated, and bound in crimson velvet with ten nails of silver gilt, and a gilded rose in the middle." Would that Gower's "*Confessio Amantis*"—that work composed at the express request of the king, when he invited him into the royal barge—had been thus illuminated. What graceful pictures of chivalry and lady love would have been thus preserved to us! And a greater than Gower, Chaucer, had written verse, far better worthy such gorgeous enshrinement than the spiritless "*virelays*" and "*trioletts*" of the fashionable French poetry. How delightful would it have been to see the procession of the pilgrims; what scope for the tasteful illuminator would the story of "*Palamon and Arcite*," of "*Canace*," with "her virtuous ring and glass," afford. But fashion, even then, frowned on the noble language and noble poetry of its fatherland, and *English* verse remained unillustrated by gold-blazing capitals, or enameled miniatures; but it dwelt in a more worthy shrine, the minds and hearts of the English people.

The patronage of what was French, is conspicuous even four centuries ago, and with the fancy for what is foreign, which later times has evinced, the noblemen purchased French poems with Flemish illuminations, while nobler poetry, and far more spirited, if not quite such highly finished illuminations, were obtainable at home. Thus, a regular mart for the fashionable French works was established; and in many illuminations we can trace the various hands employed, from the master, or chief artist, who paints the frontispiece, to the "prentice hand," that was only allowed to color the bit of bordering that marks the end of the paragraph. Indeed, so numerous were one class of illuminated books, all similar in style and ornament, that the term, "the Bruges," from the

place of their manufacture, was assigned to them. Of this class, probably, is the huge copy of Christine de Pisan's works, in the Harleian. This lady, very popular in her day, has become now quite forgotten; and yet she wrote some pleasing poems, and many prose works which the learned world approved. And she was extensively patronized by the great and noble—King Henry the Fourth, and the Earl of Salisbury, and the Duke de Berri taking copies of her works, while, from the frontispiece of this, the Queen of France herself seems to have received "a presentation copy." Here she is, in the neatly finished frontispiece, seated comfortably on a modern-looking sofa, a portly dame, with folded hands, while Christine, a pale, intelligent looking woman, in widow's dress, but with the frightful "horned head-dress," is reverently kneeling and presenting the book, bound in crimson, with clasps, and five bosses of gold. Two ladies, probably of the blood-royal, sit just behind the queen, and four, less richly dressed, occupy a sort of low form to the left; the picture is curious, for the illustration of dress and furniture, as well as for the portraits. Another very good picture represents Christine addressing her son; the other illustrations are, however, very inferior. Mr. Shaw has given a very good copy of the first.

But the English illuminator, although not called upon to adorn what might be termed the "fashionable literature" of the day, still employed his skill upon church books, and lavished upon them a wealth of ornament, which renders a single missal or psalter an encyclopædia of artistic decoration. We may well lament that but a fragment remains of the fine "*Lectionarium*," which Lord Lovel presented to Salisbury Cathedral about the close of the fourteenth century, and which friar John Sifrewas—how Saxon the name—wrote and illuminated, (Harleian, No. 7026.) This is "a manuscript of the largest folio, written in a clear letter, about two thirds of an inch in size, across the whole page. The letters are beautifully formed, and with many 'penman's flourishes;'" the rubric is greatly injured, but the blackletter maintains its original brilliancy. At the beginning, a picture as large as the page gives us the portrait of Lord Lovel, a fine-looking, elderly man, in a dark blue bonnet, a light red furred gown, looking in at the window of friar John's cell, and here is "Frater Johannes" himself, an old man, with most pleasant fatherly countenance, very respectfully bringing the book, which has a delicate drawing on the cover, of "Our Lady," kneeling before her Son. There is a slight attempt at a back-ground in neutral tint, with two windows touched in with red. Behind Lord Lovel, a spiral scroll informs us that the book was presented by him "for the spiritual remembrance" of him and his lady; and on a gray tablet at the foot of the page, in letters which appear in high relief, is the autograph of "Frater Johannes Sifrewas." Most of the alternate pages in this book are surrounded by a narrow border of

raised gold, relieved by red or blue; and around this, foliage and flowers twine, together with dragons and chimeras, most graceful angels, saints in canopied niches, medallions with miniature heads, and very neatly executed armorial bearings. Beyond these, but filling in each vacancy, is the finest pen-work, somewhat resembling vine tendrils, or the fibres of a leaf, and, at intervals, dots of bright raised gold, and small gold ivy leaves. We wish we could exchange our pen for the pencil, to show the exceeding beauty and rich effect of this splendid border. At the foot of the first page, below the border, we have a very delicately finished peacock and peahen. Further on we find drawings of St. George and St. Michael, each slaying a dragon. St. George's is after the ordinary pattern, but St. Michael's has seven heads—probably typifying the seven deadly sins. The niches on the sides are frequently adorned with the figure of our lady. Some of these, with the placid face, and the bright golden hair parted on the brow, are very beautiful. Each initial letter encloses a picture, and here we have no longer the gold ground, but rich red or blue, with a very small gold pattern "damasked" upon it. All the faces are most beautifully finished; indeed, the most highly finished modern miniatures are not more so. In one initial letter—the subject is Christ and his disciples at Emmaus—so minute is the finish, that the middle pattern and border of the ample table-cloth may be distinctly perceived. The Lovel arms and crest ornament every page, and on two or three we have the full-length portraits of Lord Lovel and his lady—a very pleasing specimen of the high-born dame. The page for Candlemas-day is very splendid, and the initial letter encloses a beautifully finished group, representing the presentation in the temple. Our lady and child are very graceful; the high-priest, with huge green turban, dignified, a very fine old man and woman stand behind, and in front is an elegant female figure, holding the two doves in a basket. The page of Corpus Christi day gives, within the initial letter, a bishop—a very young man, perhaps a portrait—bearing the host under a rich canopy, supported by four priests. The minute finish of both these pictures rivals the finest enamel. There is much variety in the borders. A beautiful spotted hound is leaping up the side, in one, and there is a very spirited dragon and a dragon-fly. On another leaf "Our Lady" appears kneeling to receive the crown of heaven. The figure has so much sweetness and graceful humility, that we almost pardon the subject.

We were at first surprised at the figure of the Virgin recurring so often; but Salisbury Cathedral is dedicated to her, and hence, doubtless, her preëminent station in the volume. At the foot of this page is a graceful little drawing of our Lord reproving Martha, while Mary sits with upturned eyes at his feet. The next page gives us Lord and Lady Lovel beneath a canopied niche, beautifully finished. The initial letter again presents "Our Lady," sitting in queenlike state with fold-

ed hands, and surrounded by a company of saints. All these, male and female, are very good-looking; and two fair maidens, with bright auburn hair, are as pretty specimens of virgin saints as any one could desire. The angel on the side has a fine open English countenance, probably a copy of one of the choristers, when, with dress of changeable taffeta, and gold-spangled wings, he took his part in some Whitsuntide pageant. This page has been carefully copied in Mr. Humphreys' work, but the substitution of dead, for the highly-burnished and wrought gold, greatly injures its effect. The lithographic press too, however neatly managed, can never rival hand-coloring, and thus we miss the enamel-like finish which the faces exhibit. Some of the succeeding miniatures are rather inferior in spirit, although still presenting the most exquisite finish; but the borders; and their accessories, are most spirited and varied, the general style of the draperies, too, is very good. This noble volume has met with much ill-usage, and the remaining portions are wanting—still, what is left awakens our astonishment at the diligent labor, the fine taste, the masterly finish of the worthy "Frater Johannes Sifrewas."

Another gift-book, belonging to this, or a rather later period, is the Missal presented by William Meldrethe, "Aldermannus venerandus," as the inscription informs us. A noble book is this for a London alderman to present, consisting of many hundred pages, every one decorated with gold capitals, and many with light and graceful foliage borders, rather resembling the former. The penmanship throughout is very fine, and some of the letters richly ornamented. The title-page has been destroyed, but from two or three finely illuminated pages, we should think it must have been very rich. There are many pages of musical notes too; and not the least interesting is the page that represents the donor, in his "scarlet gown furred with marten,"—a good-looking citizen—kneeling humbly with uplifted hands, and beneath the words "Blessyd be the Trinite," in gold letters.

For prayer books for the higher orders, however, Flanders was still the mart. From thence came the delicate little hand-book of prayers, which belonged to Henry VI. when a child. No one can deny the exquisite finish, the delicate manipulation of the Flemish artist here; but still, for spirit, we could almost turn to some of the foliated scrolls of Meldrethe's Missal; while what graceful variety does the Salisbury Lectionarium display in comparison. Another highly-lauded volume, probably of this period—certainly, we think not earlier—is the celebrated Harleian "Roman de la Rose." And exquisite, indeed, is the frontispiece; nothing can exceed in finish the rich bronze frame, and the flowers that lightly rest on it, and the glittering insects, too, that creep upon the leaves; and then the picture of the gay procession of knights, and ladies, and minstrels, tripping along the shady "pleasance." And beautifully finished are its many pictures;

but Flemish as they are in high finish, they are Flemish in expression also. The men have a portly burgher look, the women are fat, fair, and yellow-haired; but that fine expression which we meet in the illuminations to which we have referred is wanting here. Goddesses, spirits of the air, are all "of the earth, earthy." Venus is a stout, good-looking Flemish dame, and Pygmalion's image would only charm a Flemish sculptor. It is curious even thus early to see the development of the Flemish school of art. While among higher subjects the painter fails—the peasant, the beggar, the sick, and halt, are depicted with marvellous truth. "Viellese," with her contracted brow and sallow countenance, leaning heavily on her crutches, and vainly striving to put the swollen foot before the other—how does the very grasp of the hand on the crutch express the extremity of pain and exhaustion! "Pouwerete," too, the features sharpened with hunger, the claddish, the patched cloak, the rags—how eager is the expression of the whole face; then, last of the sad company—Repentance, wringing her hands, with dry, up-cast eyes, as though the very fountain of tears were dried up; all these are of the highest order. The two first the reader may see in Mr. Shaw's work, and some of the figures of the frontispiece.

It was, perhaps, with the patriotic wish to induce the young king—or those around him—to encourage native talent, that Abbot Curteis, in 1433, presented to him that beautiful book, the "Life of St. Edmund," the patron of his abbey. We regret our space will not allow us to describe it; still it is scarcely necessary, since few illuminated works have attracted more attention than this. While the miniature pictures are most beautiful, the borders display all that variety and spirit which the Flemish school certainly wants. How bold is the foliage that half encircles the page—as though struck off at one stroke of the pencil; and then, the minutest accessories, even to the slightest pen flourishes, are touched in with a grace and a spirit, which show this exquisite work to have been a labor of love.*

We think this may have been one great reason of the superiority of those volumes to which we have more at length directed the reader's attention. The work was undertaken right heartily; and as, day after day, the illuminator pursued his pleasant task, he bent all his powers to produce a work, on which the eye of future generations should dwell with as deeply admiring a love as he did. Now, splendid, and in parts beautifully ornamented, as this large volume, "the Talbot book," is, no such feeling presided over its production. Still a very handsome specimen is it of Flemish art, and most interesting, as a bridal gift to Margaret of Anjou. Here is she, sitting beside the king, her bright golden hair streaming on her shoulders, receiving with pleasant smile the book presented by Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, who kneels before her. And

richly is the page adorned with bearings of the king and the earl, and the proud shield, with its six quarterings of the portionless daughter of René of Anjou; and here is the red rose of Lancaster in the midst of the foliated border, and Margaret's own flower, "the daisy," twining about. Alas! how little did the heroine of the red rose dream of the last battle-field from whence she should flee, when she first turned over the pages of "Talbot's Book." And well suited to the taste of the young queen was its contents. Tales of chivalry—of King Alexander, of Charlemagne, of Guy of Warwick, and other "ryghte valyaunt knights," written in French, lest, as the donor rather unpatriotically says, "she should forget it." The pictures are chiefly at the beginning, and Alexander's life is most profusely adorned. A fine view of Babylon, with the bright green grass, and pale blue sky of Flanders, comes first, and in the foreground are a row of neatly-finished water-mills, just such as the painter saw outside Bruges or Ghent. Queen Olympias seems a portrait of Margaret, King Darius is laid in an altar tomb, and Alexander and Porus are two knights in rich plate armor. The marvels which the hero met with in his travels, and which we described in a former article, (No. XII.) furnish many pictures. The griffins are minutely drawn, and the men "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders" make a very curious appearance, although scarcely more so than the elephants, who, with almost human faces, have huge trumpets instead of trunks. The Amazons are very pretty ladies in flowing robes, two daintily carrying huge swords, and two, maes. Christine de Pisan's "ordre de la chevalerie" follows, and we have a very curious picture of knights of the garter, in full costume, paying their devotions at the shrine of St. George.

Poor Margaret! when she sought refuge with her father, this, with many another gift, was left behind; but although, at the mimic court of King René, little of magnificence could be found, books more splendid, and illuminations incomparably superior, found a place, for René was not only a patron of art, but a most exquisite illuminator. This volume of surpassing beauty, one of the late purchases of the Museum in 1844, painted in part by his own hand—what a climax does it form to the many beautiful works we have contemplated! "The Missal of René of Anjou" is about the 16mo size, and the opening page presents his shield, richly blazoned. Then follows the Kalendar, surrounded by a border of exquisite foliage, with a delicate bird at the top of each page, and two richly ornamented octagons at the foot, enclosing, one, a sign of the zodiac—the other, a figure engaged in the occupation of the month. These octagons require the aid of a glass ere full justice can be done to their beauty. With the prayers, a foliated pattern on a raised gold stem commences. This is upheld at the foot by a kneeling angel, of most delicate execution. The smaller letters are gold, "flourished" with red and blue ink; the larger, although not an inch in

*Specimens from this may be seen both in Messrs. Shaw's and Humphreys' works.

length, enclose appropriate figures. Sometimes the borders have corner-pieces of most elegant arabesque, and throughout the volume scarcely two are alike. The pictures occupy the whole page. The Annunciation shows the influence of the early Italian style, which is more clearly observable in the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth. The gentle dignity of the former, the full, downcast eyes, the slight fullness of the lip, reminded us most vividly of Raphael's Madonnas. In the Presentation, and the Flight into Egypt, the subjects are gracefully treated, and this part of the Missal ends with a fine representation of our Saviour, a female in blue dress kneeling before him. The next picture exhibits a king, a fine-looking man, with white hair and beard, kneeling in a bold rocky landscape, and our Saviour looking down upon him. There is a castle in the distance, and not improbably the scene is in the county of Bar, and the king, René himself. Then follows the Office for the Dead, commenced by a most powerful allegory. In a rich and varied landscape, with lofty castle, and winding river populous with boats, with rich masses of trees, and deep blue sky, stands a half-length figure, not a skeleton, but almost fleshless, and blackened, with a rich crown, beautifully finished, on the brow. But half of this horrible figure is seen, for in the foreground is the upper part of René's proud banner, with the fleur-de-lis of France, the red and white stripes of Bar, and the five crosses—most valued by him of all—of the kingdom of Jerusalem. And thus, surrounded by summer and sunshine, and active abundant life; bearing the crown, and leaning against those badges of high station, which few, in that age of pride of birth, valued more than King René, stands the mouldering corpse, the doleful upward expression of the eyeless face, and the bony hands grasping the scroll that supplicates mercy—all instinct with poetry of the highest order! No wonder that "the dance of death," as it swept through the streets, gave a more solemn warning to our forefathers than even the wayside sermon, if aught of the same deep feeling which pervades this picture pervaded it. The concluding pages of this beautiful book present an endless variety of decoration, all like the finest enamel; rich foliage climbs the side of the page, and the golden root is held by a kneeling angel. There are full fifty of these, and all varied; small square pictures of the saints grace almost every page, painted within an arch that encloses a space not much larger than a shilling. Beautiful heads are all these: venerable old men, fine-looking men in middle age, and most graceful female saints. We think we can perceive a difference in the treatment of these and of more sacred subjects. They are graceful and beautiful, but demand admiring homage, not reverence. St. Lucia with her golden hair has a most lovely face; St. Ursula's downcast eyes and gentle bearing are most lovely, while four of her large company of virgins trip daintily along, as charming damsels as ever danced a measure at the court of King René.

The concluding picture, most exquisitely finished, represents King David, with features strongly resembling the king in the former picture, receiving the water from his three valiant men. Each face is very peculiar, and at the feet of each a French name is written. We cannot but think, therefore, that this refers to some incident in René's chequered history, when he owed important aid, perhaps his life, to some of those faithful followers, whose portraits he has here enshrined.

After this most beautiful of all the specimens of illumination we have described, we feel almost unwilling to turn to the gorgeous, but in comparison, common-place books, which belonged to Edward IV. and Henry VII. One, English alike as to its author and illuminator, would deserve a page of notice did our space admit—Lydgate's "Siege of Troy, and Testament." It would be a pleasant task to compare it also, page by page, with that beautiful specimen of the Flemish style—although we think, from the apparent accuracy of the picture of old London, by an English hand—"Les Poesies du Duc d'Orleans." Both are "beautiful exceedingly," and the rich style of the latter, with its shaded borders of dead gold, and its delicately finished flowers, and birds, and insects, affords a fine example of its class. Henry VII.'s Prayer-book, Henry VIII.'s, and many others, also, exhibit the same style.

The discovery of printing had little effect upon illuminated books. During the fifteenth century, ten thousand scribes and illuminators were computed to reside in France and Flanders alone, and few seem to have given up their calling. Indeed, printing in some instances aided the illuminator; for in 1465, copies of the Decretals of Boniface VIII. were printed on vellum, and the elegant initials were painted in. A translation of "Pliny's Natural History" was soon after printed at Venice, and the copies were illuminated, not only with borders, but with miniatures. The later manuscripts, especially the Italian, now begin to present a close resemblance to the Roman letter, and thus look very like printing. There is a beautiful manuscript of St. Augustine's, "De Civitate Dei," in the Museum, purchased at the Duke of Sussex's sale, of this class. It is most exquisitely illuminated, by the hand of the prior of the convent to which it belonged; and here we find the classical style of ornament most harmoniously mingling with the Gothic. The cherubs that support the elegant wreath of flowers round the title are evidently "a bevy of cupids;" and the little angel that sits on the initial G, watching the saint who kneels with uplifted hands, is as pretty a little Love as ever fluttered his tiny wings round the car of Venus. It was chiefly in this style that the manuscripts of the following century were decorated, when Clovio and Julio Romano—nay, da Vinci, Raffaele, Titian—did not disdain the art.

We must here conclude, well pleased if we should have afforded our readers some information and entertainment in this short sketch, which, for

its full effect, should have employed our pencil as well as our pen. While justice is now being done to the beauties of mediæval art, it is important that these exquisite manuscripts, which enshrine so many of its highest characteristics, should be vindicated from the charge, even until lately, so often preferred, of being mere text-books of a superstitious age. To ourselves their contemplation has awakened a widely different opinion; and when we have seen with what patient care, with what earnest feeling, the illuminator illustrated Scripture history; how diligently he set about his task, in how noble and legible a hand he wrote the text; how he bent over it day by day, adding finishing stroke to finishing stroke, it has been a delightful thought to us, that in the midst of much error and superstition, so eager a thirst for the true "water of life" prevailed. There were saintly legends, from whence many a later artist derived his subjects; but the illuminator of the middle ages, even when illustrating the missal, turned aside from these, to place before the reader—and with how much deep and earnest feeling—the scenes of Gospel history. And great was the influence of the "Pictorial Bible," in an age when books were scarce—an age when painting took hold of the young and fervid imagination in a way, to us, almost inexplicable. How did the pictured page feed the growing desire for the pure Word of God, and prepare the way for the teaching of Wycliffe, for the advance of those principles of religious freedom which have now become our heritage!

From the North British Review.

1. *Mémoires de Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino*. Ecrits par lui-même. Londres, 1836.
2. *Le Duc de Reichstadt; notice sur la vie et la mort de ce Prince*. Par M. de MONTBEL, ancien Ministre du Roi Charles X. Paris, 1832.
3. *Histoire de Louis Napoléon Bonaparte*. Par AMÉDÉE HENNEQUIN. Paris, 1848.
4. *Œuvres de Louis Napoléon Bonaparte*. Paris, 1849.
5. *History of the Year 1848*. By W. K. KELLY. London, 1849.

In the year 1785, there died at Montpellier, in the prime of life, a Corsican lawyer, who, in his early youth, had fought by the side of Paoli in the war of Corsican independence, but had afterwards submitted to the fortune that attached him, together with about 150,000 persons, his fellow-islanders, all of Italian origin, as subjects to the crown of France. His place of residence was the town of Ajaccio, in his native island, where he held the post of assessor to the judicial court; but business obliged him occasionally to visit France, and it was during one of those visits that he died. He left a widow, still a young and beautiful woman, and eight children, of whom the eldest was but seventeen years, and the youngest only three months old. Left in somewhat straitened circumstances, the chief reliance of the family was in a rich old uncle, an ecclesiastic in the Corsican

church. Two of the children, indeed, had already, in a manner, been provided for. The eldest, a son, had begun the study of the law. The second, a youth of sixteen, had completed his education at the military academies of Brienne and Paris, and had just received, or was on the point of receiving, a sub-lieutenancy of artillery in the French king's army. It was on this young soldier, rather than on his elder brother, that the hopes of the family were fixed. Even the poor father's savings, on his deathbed, it is said, were all about this absent boy, Napoleon, and a "great sword" that he was to bequeath to him.

Sixty-four years have elapsed since then—two generations and a part of a third—and what changes have they not seen in the fortunes of that Corsican family! In the first, issuing from their native island, like some band of old Heracleidae, and pushing, with their military brother at their head, into the midst of a revolution that was then convulsing Europe, these half-Italian orphans, whose dialect no one could recognize, cut their way to the centre of the tumult, seize the administration, and are distributed as kings and princes among the western nations. In the second, shattered and thrown down as by a stroke of Apocalyptic vengeance, they are dispersed as wanderers over the civilized world, to increase their numbers, and form connections everywhere. And now, again, at the beginning of a third, there seems to be a gathering of them toward the old centre, as if for a new function in regard to the future. Let us glance for a little at these successive chapters of a most extraordinary family-history, not yet ended.

The outbreak of the revolution in 1789–90 found the Bonapartes all living together at Ajaccio the eldest, Giuseppe, or Joseph, in his twenty-third year, a lawyer entering into practice; the second, Napolione or Napoleon, now twenty-one years of age, a lieutenant of artillery on leave of absence; the third, Luciano or Lucien, a hot-headed young man, five years younger than Napoleon, (one or two intermediate children having died,) and fresh from the college of Autun; the fourth a daughter, Marianna-Anna, afterwards called Eliza, then in her fifteenth year; next to her, Luigi or Louis, a boy of twelve or thirteen; and lastly, the three youngest, still mere infants, Maria Annunciata, afterwards called Pauline, Maria-Carolina or Caroline, and Gierolamo or Jerome. In the same house with the Bonapartes, and about three years older than Joseph, lived the Abbé Fesch, a half-brother of Madame Bonaparte. All the family, as indeed almost all the Corsicans at that time, were admirers of the Revolution; but the most fervid revolutionist of all was Lucien, who was the juvenile prodigy of the family, and whose speeches, delivered at the meetings of a popular society that had been established at Ajaccio, were the delight of the town. Joseph, older and steadier, took his part, too, in the general bustle; while the lieutenant amused his idleness by long walks about the

island, and by writing various essays and sketches, among which is mentioned a History of the Revolutions of Corsica, a manuscript copy of which was forwarded to Mirabeau.

At the second great epoch of the Revolution (1792-3) the Bonapartes were again assembled at Ajaccio, Napoleon having just returned from that memorable visit to Paris, during which he and Bourrienne, sauntering through the streets, saw the mob attack the Tuileries. At this time the Corsicans were in a fever of excitement, having just received back among them their long lost idol Paoli, whom the course of events had permitted to return from his exile in England, and whom the French king and National Assembly had invested with the supreme authority in his native island. To the Bonapartes the return of the old friend of their father was particularly welcome; and Joseph and Napoleon willingly gave him their help in the government of the island, while young Lucien, who was his chief favorite, went to live with him as an adopted son. But the progress of the Revolution had stirred strange thoughts in the heart of the veteran. Disgusted with the conduct of the Parisian leaders, he was secretly planning a revolt under the patronage of England, the result of which should be the permanent emancipation, as he hoped, of his darling island from all foreign thralldom. Accordingly, in January, 1793, the Corsicans under Paoli again unfurled their old flag of independence. But a movement like this, though it might carry away the rude peasantry of the island, could not draw with it educated young men like the Bonapartes, accustomed to see the future of Corsica only in that of France. Exposed, therefore, to the vengeance of Paoli and his adherents, they were obliged hurriedly to escape from the island altogether, and to cast themselves, as refugees of the Revolution, on the hospitality of their adopted country. What a waif was then cast ashore on France in that Corsican lady and her eight children!

Marseilles became the headquarters of the Bonaparte family during the reign of terror. Here, from 1793 to 1796, they were severally to be either seen or heard of—Joseph, employed as a commissary of war, living in the town, wooing and at last (1794) marrying a Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, another of whose daughters became the wife of a young officer, named Bernadotte; Napoleon, occasionally at Marseilles, but usually absent in Paris or elsewhere, already a general of brigade, having been raised to that rank for his services at the siege of Toulon, yet grumbling at his poverty and inactivity, and thinking his brother Joseph "a lucky rogue" in having made so good a match; Lucien, a young firebrand, known over the whole district as "Brutus Bonaparte," and extremely popular as a republican orator, first at Marseilles itself, and afterwards at the small town of Saint-Maximin, some leagues distant, where he held a civil commission under the Convention, and where, in 1795, he married Mademoiselle Boyer, the sister of an

innkeeper; and lastly, the five younger members of the family living under the same roof with their mother and the Abbé Fesch, and supported jointly by Napoleon and Joseph.

The fall of Robespierre and his party (July, 1794) was a temporary blow to the fortunes of the Bonapartes, connected as they were on the whole with that side of the Revolution. General Bonaparte, arrested, and though almost immediately liberated, still suspected and degraded, thought of quitting France to seek employment in the Turkish service. His brothers Joseph and Lucien lost their appointments and shared the same disgrace. It was not till after the famous 13th Vendémiaire, (4th October, 1795,) when Napoleon blew the insurgent mob to pieces with grape shot, and thus established the government of the Directory, that the fortunes of the Bonapartes were decided. Appointed in consequence to the supreme command of the army of Italy, Napoleon was able instantly to provide for three of his brothers. Joseph and Lucien received important civil appointments in connection with the army; and young Louis, after a short training at the artillery school of Chalons, was to go to serve under his brother in Italy. To these members of his family, General Bonaparte before his departure for Italy in March, 1796, was able to introduce, in the character of relatives, three other persons, whose names were thenceforward to be conspicuous in his history—the bride Josephine, the widow of the Viscount de Beauharnais, then in her thirty-third year, and consequently six years his senior; and that lady's two children by her former marriage—a boy, Eugene, aged about sixteen, and a girl, Hortense, aged thirteen years.

By the splendid successes of Bonaparte in Italy and in Egypt, (1796-9,) a still higher position was earned for his family in the public regard. Corsica, abandoned by the English in 1796, and immediately recovered by the French, was proud to claim as her sons men of such note in Paris as the Bonapartes. In the Council of Five Hundred, both Joseph and Lucien sat as deputies from their native island. Here, partly from their own activity, and partly from their connection with the great general of the republic, they became at once important men; and Joseph, on his return from an embassy to the Papal States in 1798, was elected to the secretaryship of the Assembly. The same year (1797) that saw the two brothers in the Council of Five Hundred, saw two of their sisters married—the eldest, Eliza, to Felix Bacchiochi, a Corsican of good family, but then only a captain of infantry, and, as Bonaparte thought, not a suitable match for his sister; and the second, Pauline, who was the sprightliest and most beautiful of the three, to General Leclerc, an excellent officer of humble origin, who had become enamored of her during a military mission to Marseilles, and who carried her off from hundreds of despairing lovers. Eliza and Pauline being thus married, and Louis being absent in Italy, where he served along with young Eugene Beauharnais on the staff of his

brother, there remained under their mother's roof at Marseilles only Caroline and Jerome, the former about seventeen, and the latter about fifteen years of age.

After the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, (9th October, 1799,) the various members of the Bonaparte family were all reunited in Paris round the person of the first consul. Madame Bonaparte, with Caroline and Jerome, came up from Marseilles in the winter; and with them, or about the same time, came, infinitely to the annoyance of the first consul, hosts of unknown relations by marriage—Bacchiochis, Boyers, Clarys, Leclercs, and other odd people from the country—all building high hopes on their connection with the great man that had become the head of the state.

The position of the Bonapartes during the consulate was that of the first family in France. Joseph, performing the functions of councillor of state and tribune, was intrusted by his brother with various important diplomatic commissions, and, among them, with the business of arranging the concordat with the Pope in 1801. The publication in 1799 of a romance called "Moina," had already made him known as an author. Lucien, who had also just made his first literary attempt in a romance called "Stellina," published in the same year, was appointed minister of the interior, superseding in that office the celebrated mathematician, Laplace. As minister of the interior he displayed very great talent and activity; and discourses delivered by him on various public occasions during his brother's consulate may yet be read with interest. To his two brothers-in-law, Bacchiochi and Leclerc, the first consul also behaved handsomely. Bacchiochi was raised to a coloneley, and marked out for further promotion, more for his wife's sake than his own; and Leclerc was first appointed to the command of the army of Portugal, and afterwards (1801) sent out as governor of the West Indian island of Hayti or St. Domingo, which had been in a state of insurrection since the emancipation of the blacks in 1794. In this expedition Leclerc was accompanied by his wife, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte, accounts of whose fêtes, balls *al fresco*, and magnificent gracefulness, mingle, in the French narratives of the expedition, with the horrors of the yellow fever and the massacres of negro warfare. Meanwhile, Pauline's younger sister, Caroline, was given in marriage at home to a dashing cavalry officer in her brother's army, named Joachim Murat, the son of an innkeeper at Perigord. The history of Louis Bonaparte under the consulship of his brother was a singular one. Sent by his brother from Italy with despatches to the Directory, in 1796, he had (being then in his nineteenth year) met at Paris Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, the daughter of an *émigré* marquis, a relative of Josephine's first husband, and had fallen violently in love with her. Informed of the circumstance by an old friend of the family, who feared that a marriage relationship with a royalist house might prove injurious to the interests of the republican

general, Bonaparte, to break off the connection, had hastily removed Louis from Paris on a pretended military mission to Lyons. Neither this absence, however, nor the subsequent campaign in Egypt, could remove the impression that had been made on the young man's heart; and Mademoiselle de Beauharnais having been shortly afterwards married to M. de Lavalette, frustrated passion resulted, in a character naturally pensive and affectionate, in a settled and unconquerable melancholy. The entire subsequent conduct of Louis towards his brother was a silent reproach for that one act of fraternal cruelty; and Napoleon, on his side, conscious of the wrong he had done, tried to atone for it by the peculiar kindness with which he ever afterwards treated the unfortunate Louis. After having served as a dragoon officer against the Chouan insurgents of La Vendée, Louis was recalled to Paris. Here Josephine, who had long desired a counterpoise in her husband's family against the influence of his brothers Joseph and Lucien, which she knew to be hostile to her, worked hard to bring about a marriage between him and her daughter Hortense. The young man, still full of his first love, avoided all advances; nor was Hortense more willing, her heart having been already given to the handsome Duroc, the favorite aide-de-camp of Napoleon. The manoeuvres of Josephine, however, prevailed over all obstacles; a ball at Malmaison brought affairs to a point; and on the 4th of January, 1802, was celebrated, amid the rejoicings of the court, this marriage of state-arrangement—a marriage, on both sides, of reluctance and tears. Hortense's brother, Eugene Beauharnais, had, in the meantime, notwithstanding his youth, been raised by his all-powerful step-father, to the rank of general; while Jerome Bonaparte, a young scapegrace of sixteen, had entered the naval service, and having gone out as ship's lieutenant, in the expedition to St. Domingo under his brother-in-law Leclerc, had, on his return, been sent back, as captain of a frigate, to cruise between Martinique and Tobago. Meanwhile Madame Lætitia, the mother of the Bonapartes, was living in Paris, enjoying the success of so many that were dear to her. Even her half-brother, the Abbé Fesch of Ajaccio, had not been forgotten; ecclesiastical forms having been restored in France, Napoleon took advantage of having a relative in holy orders, and through his influence with the Pope, had him created first (1802) a bishop, and afterwards (1803) a cardinal.

The accession of Napoleon to the imperial dignity, (18th May, 1804,) opened a new era in the history of the Bonaparte family. Civil titles and decorations having been restored, the relatives of the emperor naturally formed the nucleus of the new aristocracy that was created in France. Joseph, now thirty-seven years of age, and who was already senator, and grand-officer of the Legion of Honor, was named Prince of France, and Grand Elector of the Empire. Lucien, who was also grand-officer of the Legion of Honor, would have had the same honors as Joseph, had he not

about this time incurred the displeasure of his peremptory brother. Napoleon had never been satisfied with the marriage that Lucien had contracted in his youth with Mademoiselle Boyer, the innkeeper's sister of Saint Maximin, and when, after that lady's death, Lucien again frustrated the scheme of a high alliance, by marrying (1803) the beautiful Madame Jourbertain, a young widow whose husband had died at Saint Domingo of yellow fever, the rage of the emperor knew no bounds. Lucien, who was moreover sufficiently high-spirited to differ from his brother occasionally in matters of policy, quitted France altogether, and (1804) took up his residence in Rome, where he was kindly received by Pope Pius VII., who had previously contracted a personal regard for him. In Rome or its neighborhood, accordingly, Lucien Bonaparte continued to reside during the first years of the empire, a man of republican sentiments and liberal tastes, patronizing the arts in a munificent way, talking somewhat freely of his brother, and known to be engaged on a great epic poem in the French language, the subject of which was the Life of Charlemagne, and, in particular, the connection of that hero with the early papacy. More obedient to his imperial brother than the literary and republican Lucien, Louis Bonaparte was created Prince and Constable of France; Cardinal Fesch received the Archbishopric of Lyons; Eugene Beauharnais was made a prince; Murat also became a prince, and a marshal of the empire; Bacchioni shared his wife's dignity as a French princess; and Pauline Bonaparte, who had returned a widow from Saint Domingo, where the yellow fever had carried off Leclerc, and who had been given in second marriage (Nov. 1803) to the Italian Prince Camille de Borghese, became also a French princess in her own right, and continued to reside in Paris, the delight of the salons, and the pride of her imperial brother, whom she alternately pleased and provoked by her haughty sisterly ways. A separate establishment, with secretaries, chamberlains, &c., was also assigned to the mother of the emperor, or as she was now called, MADAME MERE; and with this was conjoined, by way of occupation, a special office created expressly for her by the admirable good taste of Napoleon, and designated the Protectress-general of Charitable Institutions. Lucien was not the only one of her sons for whom the poor lady had to intercede with the emperor. The young sailor, Jerome, the Benjamin of the family, with whose conduct Napoleon had more than once found fault, was again in disgrace. Driven from his cruising station at Martinique by English vessels, he had touched at the North American coast, and had there (1803) married a Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a Baltimore merchant. When the young couple came to Europe in 1805, Napoleon would not receive the bride as a member of the imperial family; and, at length, not without opposition on the part of the young sailor, the marriage was annulled after one or two children had been born.

The same Senatus-Consultum that raised Napoleon to the empire, provided for the succession in case of his death. By this decree the imperial crown was settled, 1st, On Napoleon, and his legitimate male descendants in the order of primogeniture, to the perpetual exclusion of females. 2dly, Failing these, on any son or grandson of any of his brothers that Napoleon might adopt, and on the heirs-male of such son or grandson. 3dly, On Napoleon's eldest brother Prince Joseph Bonaparte, and on his heirs-male in due order; and 4thly, On Napoleon's third brother Prince Louis Bonaparte, and on his heirs-male in the same order. The exclusion of Lucien and Jerome shows that they were not in such favor with Napoleon as the other two brothers. When, on the 27th November, 1804, the decree was referred for ratification to the French people in their departments, the result was as follows:—Total number of votes registered 3,524,254; affirmative votes 3,521,675; negative votes 2579.

Another stage still was in reserve in the career of the Bonapartes. A succession of victories and conquests (1805–10) made Napoleon master of Continental Europe from the Atlantic on the one side to and beyond the Danube on the other. Here again his relatives and friends were of signal assistance to him. So long as he was only Emperor of France, they had formed but the nucleus of a nation's aristocracy; but now, distributed over a wider space, and bulking individually larger, they were to fulfil his designs as vassal kings and princes among foreign populations.

The following was the manner in which the various members of the Bonaparte family were distributed over Europe during the plenitude of the imperial power. To Eugene Beauharnais was assigned the vice-royalty during Napoleon's life, with the subsequent possession in full, of the so-called kingdom of Northern Italy. To Joseph Bonaparte was assigned (1806) the kingdom of the two Sicilies; but afterwards, (1808,) greatly to the regret of the Neapolitans, to whom he had rendered himself dear by his really efficient and conscientious government, Joseph was transferred to the less stable throne of Spain. He was succeeded on the throne of the Sicilies by his brother-in-law Murat, whom Napoleon had already created Grand Duke of Berg; nor did the Neapolitans suffer from the change, for Murat and his wife Caroline Bonaparte, fulfilled the duties of king and queen better than any royal pair, their predecessors excepted, that had occupied the Neapolitan throne within recollection. In the parts of Italy that lay between the northern kingdom and the kingdom of Naples, territories were assigned to the other sisters of Napoleon—the Duchy of Guastalla to the Princess Borghese, and the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, with the principalities of Lucca and Piombino, to the Princess Eliza, who, though conjoined with her husband Bacchioni in the sovereignty, so completely set him aside in the actual administration, as to procure for herself the name of "the Semiramis of Lucca." While Spain

and Italy were thus provided for, the more northern and eastern parts of Europe were not overlooked. In May, 1806, the inhabitants of Holland received an admirable king in the melancholy and amiable Louis; while Jerome had the kingdom of Westphalia created for him out of certain Prussian and Hessian provinces, and other fragments of the dissolved German empire. As even then the Napoleonic influence in the Germanic parts of Europe might not have been sufficiently strong, care was taken to fortify it by several new alliances arranged by Napoleon between the disposable members of his family, and the native Germanic houses. Thus for Eugene Beauharnais, who was still unmarried, a wife was found in the Princess Amelia Augusta, the daughter of the King of Bavaria; and in lieu of his former American wife, so harshly parted from him, King Jerome of Westphalia received a royal bride in the Princess Katherina, the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. Upon all these distributions and alliances of her sons and daughters, the venerable Madame Lætitia is said to have looked with a calm and only half-believing eye, living quietly at Paris, and carefully economizing her income. "Who knows," she is reported to have said, "but I may have to keep all these kings and queens one day!" Her son Lucien was the only one of her family that did not wear a crown. At an interview between the two brothers at Mantua after the peace of Tilsit, Lucien, had, indeed, been offered his choice of several thrones, if he would divorce his wife and contract a new alliance agreeable to the emperor. This offer, however, he had steadily refused, and returning to the Roman dominions, he was glad to retreat into literary leisure at his estate of Canino, near Viterbo, talking somewhat less of politics, and employing himself on the last cantos of his bulky epic, now drawing to a close. The Pope, his constant friend, enrolled him among the Roman nobility with the title of Prince of Canino.

When to the facts just enumerated, we add that Prussia and Austria were servile through defeat, that Sweden was governed by the Frenchman Bernadotte, a relative of the Bonapartes, that Russia was acquiescent, and that only Great Britain was stubborn and irreconcilable, we shall have an idea of the distance that Napoleon had advanced in his path to universal empire. To secure what had already been attained, to put all else within his grasp, and to give to the work of his life that roundness and finish that he wished it to have in the eyes of posterity, only one thing further seemed necessary—his own marriage, namely, with a princess of the House of Austria. By such a measure, it seemed, two things would be accomplished—the east of Europe would be permanently linked with the west, forming a confederacy so vast in the body, that mere extremities like Russia, Sweden, and Great Britain, would be forced to give in to it; and the triumphant work of modern genius would be guaranteed in a manner satisfactory to the spirit of progressive civilization, by being grafted on the gnarled stock of

the whole European past. By such calculations of a moral algebra, did Napoleon reconcile himself to these two important steps in his life—his divorce from the Empress Josephine, registered the 16th of December, 1809; and his marriage with the Archduchess Maria-Louisa, the daughter of Francis II. To consummate all his expectations from this marriage, only one thing remained to be desired—the birth of a son. In this also his wishes were satisfied; and on the 20th of March, 1811, the booming of one hundred and one guns over Paris proclaimed the birth of a King of Rome. At his christening, a few days afterwards, the imperial child received the name of Napoléon-François.

But the star of Napoleon had reached its zenith. The disastrous invasion of Russia, followed by the memorable campaigns of 1813–1814, laid the work of years in ruins; the entry of the allied armies into Paris, 31st March, 1814, was the crowning stroke of misfortune; and on the 4th of April was signed the famous act, whereby Napoleon unconditionally abdicated, for himself and his heirs, the empire he had so long held. Retaining the imperial title, and receiving from France, as a tribute for his past services, an annual revenue of six millions of francs (£240,000,) the conqueror was to be shut up for the rest of his days, a splendid European relic, in the little island of Elba. For ten months he endured the captivity, the assembled diplomatists of Europe meanwhile rearranging at Vienna the chaos that he had left behind him; but at length the old spirit prevailed in him; France again contained the emperor; Louis XVIII. fled; and the fluttered diplomatists, kicking over the table at which they had been sitting, had to postpone further proceedings till they should again have caged their imperial bird. But the struggle was short, for the decree had gone forth; the last hopes of Napoleon were crushed on the field of Waterloo; and a few months more saw him confined to the distant and solitary rock where he was to wear out the remainder of his grand existence, and from the peaks of which he was still visible to half the world; a figure to be surpassed, in its kind, only by that of the possible man yet to come, who, receiving the planet in the more manageable shape to which our telegraphs and our engines for locomotion are fast reducing it, shall deal not with a mere portion of it, like Napoleon, but with its whole rotund mass, handling Europes and Australias as his units, instead of Spains and Englands, absorbing reluctant China in his empire, among whose myriads even Napoleon was unheard of, and pioneering the way, by some stupendous despotism, for that concluding era of our civilization, when the human race shall exist but as one self-conscious whole.

At the death of Napoleon in St. Helena, (5th of May, 1821,) there were alive of his family the following individuals—his wife, Maria-Louisa, and her son the ex-king of Rome; his mother, Madame Lætitia, and her half-brother, Cardinal Fesch; his four brothers, Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Je-

rome, with their respective families ; his youngest sister, Caroline, the widow of Murat, with her family ; and, finally, his step-son Eugene de Beauharnais, and his step-daughter, Queen Hortense, the wife of his brother Louis. Three of his relatives, therefore, had deceased in the interval—his first wife, the Empress Josephine, whose death had taken place at Malmaison, on the 19th May, 1814, while Napoleon was at Elba ; his second and favorite sister, Pauline, the Princess Borghese, who, abandoned by a timorous husband in 1814, when the fate of the Bonapartes seemed sealed, had gone to cheer her brother's exile at Elba, and, returning thence, had died at Rome in 1815, leaving no children ; and his eldest sister, the wife of Bacchiocchi, who had died at Trieste, on the 6th of August, 1820, leaving two children, a son and a daughter. Of the remanent members of the family, scattered, as they were, at the time of Napoleon's death, over all parts of the civilized world, we have now to trace separately the further fortunes.

And, first, of Maria-Louisa, and her infant son, the King of Rome. Left in Paris by Napoleon, when he set out on the campaign of 1814, the responsibility of protecting them was then entrusted to Joseph Bonaparte, who, having been finally expelled from Spain in June, 1813, when the Peninsular war had been brought to a close, had since acted as one of his brother's assistants in the work of retrieving his Russian losses, and had been invested, at this important juncture, with the military command of Paris, in nominal subordination to the regency of the empress. The orders of Napoleon on his departure had been, that, in the event of an interruption of communications between his army and the capital, the empress and her son should by all means be placed out of the way of danger. Accordingly, on the news of the approach of the allies upon Paris, they removed from the Tuileries, and went to Rambouillet. Joined at Rambouillet, after a few hours, by Joseph, the fugitives proceeded to Blois ; and here it was that they heard of the capitulation of Paris, (20th March, 1814,) and of the subsequent abdication at Fontainebleau. One solitary proclamation, dated the 7th of April, and calling on the French people to disregard the proceedings at Paris, and rally round herself and her son, marked the residence of the regent at Blois. When, however, the day after it had been issued, her advisers, Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte, wished her to accompany them with her son into the south of France, there to make a last effort, she positively refused. Accordingly, committing herself to the care of the Count Schouvalou, whom the allied sovereigns deputed to Blois to wait upon her, she suffered her advisers to consult their own safety by dispersing themselves, and then, rejoining her father at Rambouillet, awaited leisurely, like a cold wife and a dutiful daughter, whatever decision the allies might come to. The provision made for her was sufficiently generous. While her husband was to enjoy in solitude his small sovereignty and large pension at Elba, she and

her son, breaking forever all connection with him, were to pass under the tutelage of Austria ; she receiving the Duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, in full property and sovereignty ; and her son, as heir to these duchies, renouncing his title of King of Rome, and assuming that of Prince of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla.

It was on the 2d of May, 1814, that the son of Napoleon quitted the soil where so great a fortune had awaited him, and which he was never to revisit more. A journey of many days conveyed him and his mother from the Rhine to Schönbrunn ; crowds gathering in all the towns on the route to see them pass with their escort. The Imperial Palace at Schönbrunn, the beautiful summer retreat of the royal family of Austria, where Maria-Louisa had spent her infant years, and where, ere he had contracted his alliance with her, Napoleon had dictated the disorganization of her father's empire, became the residence of the illustrious exiles. Here the infant received the caresses of his Austrian relatives of the imperial house, who, examining his features in detail, were delighted to discover in them, as they thought, the true Austrian character. During the sittings of the Congress of Vienna, too, the sovereigns, and other distinguished strangers that were assembled in the Austrian capital, could ride out to Schönbrunn to pay their respects to the daughter of Francis, and to see her little son. So some months passed, when suddenly the startling news reached both Vienna and Schönbrunn, that Napoleon was again in France. Letters even were received by Maria-Louisa from her husband, requiring her immediate return to France with her son ; but these, as well as the letters sent to her father, demanding her restoration, remained unanswered. The sovereigns made their preparations ; Europe was once more in arms ; and the empress and her infant awaited the issue in the quiet splendors of Schönbrunn. There were some rumors of attempts to carry them off ; at all events, a few victories gained by Napoleon would, certainly, have restored them in triumph to his arms, together with all that he had lost ; but this was not to be ; and the battle that decided so much else, decided that Maria-Louisa and her son were to remain at Schönbrunn. In Napoleon's second abdication, indeed, drawn up three days after the battle of Waterloo, the renunciation was made expressly in favor of his son, whom, accordingly, the document proclaimed Emperor of the French, under the title of Napoleon II. But, though Fouché and others made a stand for a settlement on these terms, as being both the most legal and the most agreeable to the wishes of the nation, the allied powers, including even the Emperor of Austria, refused their consent, and Louis XVIII. was reinstated on the throne.

The life of the young Napoleon makes but a meagre little story, interesting, one might say, only from its very insignificance. As if to sever him completely from all the circumstances that had marked his birth, he had hardly set his foot

in Austria when the very name he bore was taken from him. The arrangement has been mentioned whereby the Duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla were assigned to Maria-Louisa, with the reversion to her son. A protest, however, having been lodged against this arrangement by the ex-Queen of Etruria, who demanded the duchy of Parma in behalf of *her* son, the diplomatists were obliged to adjust the matter by a compromise. Maria-Louisa, accordingly, was to possess Parma and the other two duchies during her lifetime; but the reversion of them at her death was to belong, not to her son, but to the Bourbon claimant, Don Charles Louis. Thus was the young Napoleon stripped even of the small heritage that had been guaranteed to him out of all that was once to have been his. During his mother's life, he was to depend on her; and only after her death was he to enter on the possession of a property assigned to him by his grandfather—an estate in Bohemia, with a revenue of about £20,000. In the mean time, laying aside his baptismal name of Napoléon-François, he was to assume the name and title of Francis Joseph Charles, Duke of Reichstadt, ranking, by virtue of that title, among the nobility of the Austrian empire, immediately after the princes of the imperial family, and the archdukes of Austria.

Only three years of age, when he came with his mother to reside at Schönbrunn, the young Duke of Reichstadt spent the whole remainder of his life either there or at Vienna; only on one or two occasions travelling from either beyond the distance of a few miles. By his grandfather, the emperor, as well as by all the other members of the royal family, he seems to have been always treated with extreme kindness. After the departure of his mother for her Italian States, he was committed to the care of various masters, under the superintendence of an Austrian nobleman of rank, the Count Maurice de Dietrichstein. Regarding his early education, only two facts of any interest are mentioned: his excessive reluctance at first to learn German, which, however, soon became more his own than French; and his fondness for historical reading, and especially for books relating to the career of his father. As a boy, he was, on the whole, dull, grave, and mirthless; but docile and affectionate.

The news of his father's death, which occurred when he was ten years of age, is said to have produced a visible effect on him. It was evident, indeed, that the boy, young as he was, had been brooding in secret over the mystery of his own changed condition, and cherishing, as well as he could, the thought of his connection with the extraordinary being whom he could dimly recollect as his father; whose busts and portraits he could still see; and who, as they tried to explain to him, was now living shut up in an island on the other side of the earth, whither the nations of Europe had conspired to send him for their own safety. This thought of his father became the boy's single passion; and when he could no

longer think of that father as still existing on the earth, his respect for his memory amounted to a worship. Every book that could tell him anything about his father he devoured with eagerness; and if he chanced to hear of the arrival of any one at Vienna who had had personal relations with the emperor, he was uneasy till he had seen him. At last, to gratify this anxiety for information about his father, his tutors, at his grandfather's command, began to instruct him systematically in modern history and politics; concealing from him nothing, says M. de Montbel, that could enlighten him as to the real course of his father's life, and its effects on the condition of Europe, and only adding such comments and expositions as might make him aware, at the same time, in what points his father was to be reprehended. Perplexed by such lessons in history, according to Metternich, the poor boy did his best to come to the right conclusion, and to express himself judiciously to his tutors regarding what he was taught to consider his father's errors and excesses. In all cases of feeling and instinct, however, his reverence for the memory of his father prevailed. The very books that his father had liked, such as Tasso and Ossian, became, for that reason, his favorites. His father's campaigns and despatches he made a subject of diligent study, using them as the texts for his own military lessons. In short, before he had attained his seventeenth year, he had read and re-read everything that had been written regarding Napoleon, and had fixed in his memory all the most minute particulars relating either to his military or his political life, the names of his generals, his chief battles, and the various incidents in his long career, from his birth in Corsica to his burial in St. Helena. One point in this great history he would dwell on with special interest—that where, amid universal acclamations, he himself had come into the world, the unconscious heir of a mighty empire.

This brooding on the past naturally assumed, as he grew up, the form of a restless anxiety, respecting the future. That he, the son of Napoleon, was no common person; that, as the owner of a great name, superior actions and qualifications would be required of him; that, in some way or other, he must take part in the affairs of Europe—such was the idea that inevitably took possession of him. The pedantry of his teachers appears to have fostered it to an undue extent. If, for example, the poor youth contracted an admiration for the poet Byron, his teachers were at hand to criticize the poet for him, and to reduce his opinion to the just shape and standard, lest he should commit what in his case would be the signal impropriety of exaggerated praise. If, again, he was seen to be falling in love with a lady of his grandfather's court, they were at hand to reason him out of the affair by considerations of what was due to his peculiar situation, and his importance in the public eye. With this notion of the peculiarity of his position brandished before him from morning to night, he would go moping about the imperial

court, an amiable youth, the prey of unknown cares. And what, after all, *was* the peculiarity of his situation, except extreme insignificance? A pensioner, in the mean time, on the imperial bounty, ultimately the mere possessor of some Bohemian estates, (his mother's second marriage, in 1828, with the Count Neipperg having severed him from Italy still more completely than before,) doomed to inactivity by the very misfortune of too great a name, was there not a mockery in all this solicitude of which he found himself the object? Haunted, it would appear, by some such feeling, and yet carried forward by the restless sense that he must do something or other to merit his name, he seems to have grasped eagerly at the only chance of activity that was presented to him—military promotion in his grandfather's service. Hence the assiduity with which he pursued his military studies, and the regularity with which he presented himself on horseback at all reviews and parades, the Viennese pointing him out to strangers on such occasions as the son of Napoleon. When at last, after going through the previous grades, he was permitted by his grandfather to assume the rank and uniform of a lieutenant-colonel, his delight was unbounded. For three days the poor youth appeared at the head of his regiment, giving the word of command; on the fourth he was laid aside with loss of voice and hoarseness.

There was one quarter of the political horizon, however, to which the son of Napoleon would often wistfully look—that France to which he belonged; to which his dying father had bequeathed him with such solemn injunctions that they should be true the one to the other; and where, even yet, there were myriads of veteran hearts that beat high at the name of Bonaparte. His Austrian education had, indeed, isolated him from all means of direct communication with his native country, and had made him, in many respects, an alien from it; but certain chords there were that no force could snap, and that still secretly bound him to France. "I know no one at Paris," he said to a French officer that was on the point of returning home after a visit to Vienna, "but salute for me the column in the Place Vendôme." On the other hand, if he was personally forgotten or unknown in the city that he thus knew only from the map, there were at least principles and men there that were ready to burst out in his behalf. So, at all events, it appeared, when the Revolution of July, 1830, came to be transacted. Had the young Napoleon been in Paris, or near it, when that revolution occurred, how different might have been the issue! Absent as he was, says Louis Blanc, if an old general of the emperor had but pronounced his name to the people, while Lafitte and Guizot were chaffering for the Duc d'Orleans, France might have had a Napoleon II. instead of a Louis Philippe. Some timid Bonapartist attempts, it appears, were actually made. In Paris, one Bonapartist, who came to a meeting of the leading politicians with the name of the Duke of Reichstadt on his lips, was dexterously locked up

in a room till the business was over. Communications were even conveyed to the duke himself. When the news of the revolution reached Vienna, the young man could not conceal his agitation; he even requested, it is said, in the flutter of the moment, to be allowed to go to the assistance of Charles X. But with the news of the accession of Louis Philippe, other thoughts succeeded. One evening, as he was ascending a stair-case in the imperial palace, a young woman, enveloped in a Scotch plaid, rushed forward from a landing-place, where she seemed to have been waiting, and taking his hand, pressed it eagerly to her lips. His tutor, who was with him, asked her business. "May I not kiss," she said, "the hand of my sovereign's son?" and immediately disappeared. For some time the incident could not be explained, but at length no doubt remained that the stranger was his cousin, the Countess Camilla, a married daughter of his deceased aunt Bacchiochi. On a visit to Vienna, the countess had constituted herself the medium of communication between the Bonapartists and her young cousin, to whom she even ventured, some months after the Revolution of July, to address a letter, encouraging him, even then, to assume a decided part. From these and all overtures of the same kind, the poor youth seems to have shrunk with a kind of dutiful horror; and his excitement regarding the Revolution of 1830 soon subsiding into a calmer mood, he began, we are told, to write down, in the form of an essay, a series of very Austrian reflections on his own life, and the relations in which he stood to France. Once only did his agitation return—on the occasion, namely, of the political movements in his mother's state of Parma. When the news of these movements reached Vienna, he was extremely anxious to be allowed to go to Italy to his mother's assistance; but neither on this occasion could his wish be granted.

From the very first, indeed, it had been seen that the young Napoleon could not live long. Undoubted symptoms of the presence in his constitution of the seeds of that malady that had carried off his father early presented themselves; and to these were added other symptoms, too clearly marking him out as the prey of consumption. From being a handsome, delicate boy, he had suddenly shot up, before his eighteenth year, into a tall, feeble, and sickly, though still handsome, young man, the constant care of the imperial physicians. Towards the end of the year 1831, he became rapidly worse, and was obliged to abstain from his military exercises and from all active exertion whatever. During the winter of that year and the spring of 1832, he lived at Schönbrunn, almost wholly confined to his chamber. It had been resolved to remove him to Naples, should it be possible to do so, in the autumn of 1832; but the disease made such progress that before that time the fatal result had taken place. For many weeks he had been in great pain, and incapable of any change of position, save that of being wheeled to a window-balcony overlooking the gardens of

Schönbrunn. Even this was at last beyond his strength; and, stretched on his bed in great suffering, he waited anxiously for his release. Maria-Louisa arrived from Italy only in time to see him die. It was on the 22d of July, 1832, and in the very room that had been occupied by his father on his famous visit to Schönbrunn, that he breathed his last. Some days after, there was a funeral procession through the streets of Vienna; and the body of Napoleon's son was committed to the imperial vaults. The people of Vienna showed much feeling on the occasion; cholera had just been thinning their own households.

While the heir of Napoleon was thus living and dying at Vienna, the minor Napoleonidæ were dispersed over the world, gazed at everywhere as relics of a grandeur that had passed away.

Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, who had retired to Switzerland after the catastrophe of 1814, with an income of £20,000 secured him by the allies, had rejoined his brother on his escape from Elba, and had taken part in the transactions that preceded the battle of Waterloo. After that battle and the subsequent abdication in favor of Napoleon II., he accompanied his brother to Rochefort, with the intention of embarking with him for America. The presence of English cruisers on the coast rendering their joint escape impossible, Napoleon gave himself up to the captain of the *Bellerophon*; and Joseph was obliged to emigrate alone. Arriving at New York in the month of September, 1815, he settled ultimately in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, purchasing land and becoming a practical farmer on a large scale. Here, under the name of the Count de Survilliers, he continued to reside for many years. So popular did he make himself with the Americans that, when he returned to Europe on a temporary visit in 1832, they regretted his loss as that of an important and well-known citizen. In Europe it was imagined that some political design was involved in this return of the eldest Bonaparte from the other side of the Atlantic. It was especially remembered, that, by the *Senatus-Consultum* of 1804, the succession to the empire was to devolve upon him, in default of any direct male-heir of Napoleon, and hence rumor sought to establish a connection between his arrival and the death of the Duke of Reichstadt. The more likely supposition was, that this journey, undertaken by an old man of sixty-five, arose simply from a natural desire on his part to see old friends and relatives, and especially his wife and two daughters, who had intended to follow him to America when he went there, but had afterwards seen occasion to remain in Europe. The three years that Joseph was absent from America he spent chiefly in England; in 1835, however, he again crossed the Atlantic; and it was not until 1841, that, obtaining leave to pass the remainder of his chequered life in Italy, he finally quitted his American home. The last years of his life were spent between Genoa and Nice. He died on the 7th of April, 1845, at the age of seventy-seven.

The fortunes of Jerome Bonaparte, after the fall of his imperial brother, were somewhat upheld by the rank of his wife, the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. Retaining nominally the crown of Westphalia, even after the disastrous result of the Russian campaign, in which he took so conspicuous a part, he was obliged finally to resign it in 1814, receiving from his father-in-law the title of Prince de Montfort. Flying to his brother's side in 1815, he held a command at Waterloo, and it was to him that Napoleon left the task of collecting the wreck of the French army after the defeat. On his brother's deportation to Saint Helena, Jerome rejoined his wife in Wurtemberg, where, shielded by her affection against the harshness even of her own father, who would willingly have separated her from a man so fallen in fortune, he continued to reside for some years in comparative wealth and comfort, as a German nobleman and land-owner. He was able to purchase property in Italy and in Switzerland, in both of which countries he occasionally resided after 1822. In 1835 he lost his excellent and devoted wife, who died at Lausanne, leaving three children—two sons and a daughter. The daughter was married (1841) to the Russian Count Demidoff; the eldest son died in 1847, leaving the title of Prince de Montfort to his brother Napoleon Paul.

Made a widow in 1815 by the execution of her brave and good-hearted husband, Murat, Caroline Bonaparte, with four children that remained to her, settled, after various changes of place, at Trieste, where, under the name of Countess of Lipona, (anagram for *Napoli*,) she resided with her sister Eliza. Eliza dying in 1820, Caroline remained at Trieste till 1836, when she returned to Paris. Here she resided for some time, enjoying a pension from Louis Philippe; but finally she removed to Florence, where she died in May, 1839, at the age of fifty-seven. Of her four children, the eldest, Napoléon-Achille-Murat, (born in 1801,) formerly Crown Prince of Naples, went to America to push his fortune in 1820, married there, and resided at New York, practised as an advocate in Georgia, bought land in Florida, came over on a visit to Europe in 1831, but returned to the United States, and wrote a book "on their moral and political condition;" and finally, in 1839, more completely an American than his uncle Joseph, returned to Europe, and died in 1847. His younger brother, Napoléon-Lucien-Charles, once Prince of Ponte-Corvo, went through a similar career—going to America when young, marrying an American wife, entering into practice as a lawyer at New York, and yet, notwithstanding this virtual naturalization, finally brought back to Europe by the ineradicable Napoleonic instinct. His two sisters, likewise born to a royal inheritance, were married, the one to Count Rasponi, the other to the well-known patriotic Italian Count Pepoli, recently resident as a political exile in London, where he held the professorship of Italian literature in University College.

Perhaps the most fortunate branch of the Napoleonicæ since the fall of the emperor, has been that of which Josephine's son Eugene Beauharnais was the head and representative. Unconnected with the final effort in 1815, although he had taken part in the Russian campaign and in all the subsequent transactions of 1813-14—resulting for him in the loss of his Italian vice-royalty—he resided after Napoleon's downfall in the dominions of his father-in-law the King of Bavaria, by whom he was created Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt. Dying in 1824, he left his widow with two sons and six daughters. The marriage alliances of these sons and daughters have rivalled even those that have aggrandized the house of Saxe-Coburg. Of the daughters, the eldest married (1823) Oscar, the son of Bernadotte, then Crown-Prince and now King of Sweden; the second married Frederic, Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen; the third married (1829) the widower Don Pedro I., then Emperor of Brazil, and afterwards Regent of Portugal in the name of his daughter Donna-Maria; and the fourth married (1841) Count William of Wurtemberg. Of the two sons, the elder became (1835) the husband of his sister's step-daughter Donna-Maria, Queen of Portugal, but died in the same year; the younger (1839) obtained the hand of Maria Nicolajewna, the daughter of the Emperor of Russia—strange alliance for the son of one of the heroes of Moscow!

More complex still become the ramifications of the Bonaparte story when we follow the diffusion of the Lucien branch of the family. Our last glimpse of Lucien Bonaparte was when, as Prince of Canino, he lived in the Papal States, at variance with his imperial brother both on political and private grounds, and cultivating an æsthetic leisure amid books and works of art. Led, however, partly by his republican opinions, and partly by that mysterious tendency towards the other side of the Atlantic that seems to have swayed all the Bonapartes at some time or other during their lives, he had resolved, in 1810, to abandon Italy, and, with it, all the associations of his past life, and go out to carve for himself and his family a new destiny, where his brother could not come either to harass or to eclipse him. He had actually embarked for the voyage to North America, when, the vessel having been put back by English frigates, he was detained and sent as a prisoner to England. Here he remained for several years, residing at large in Shropshire, although under *surveillance*. Liberated, however, by the peace of 1814, he returned to Italy, where he was again welcomed by his constant friend the Pope. During his brother's exile at Elba he corresponded with him in such a manner that a reconciliation was effected between them; and chancing to be sent on a mission to Paris connected with the Papal affairs, in 1815, he was obliged to act a part in the fatal struggle of that year. For this he would probably have suffered but for the intercession of the Pope, which procured his liberation

from arrest at Turin, with permission for him to resume his old residence and status in the Papal dominions. Accordingly, during the remainder of his life, that is to say, under the successive Pontificates of Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI., Lucien Bonaparte was heard of merely as a Roman nobleman of taste, at once a patron and a practitioner of literature. His great epic of "Charlemagne," on which he had spent so many years, had just seen the light in two ponderous quartos, beautifully printed; and, although (if we may judge from a slight glance at the extremely heavy translation of the work executed for the prince by two English clergymen) it can hardly have procured him the laurels he coveted, it was probably regarded by those who obtained presentation copies as a very creditable performance. The poem was dedicated to Pope Pius VII.; and the views expressed in it are those of a dutiful son of the church. Subsequent literary attempts of the Prince of Canino were the "Cyrneide," a poem of Corsican history, published at Rome in 1819; and, in prose, a defence of Napoleon, published at Paris in 1826, and a volume of his own memoirs, published in 1836. During the last ten or twelve years of his life he found a new and congenial occupation in the collection of Etruscan remains. The estate of Canino being a portion of the extensive tract of country that the Etruscans had once occupied in Italy, it might have been anticipated that it would be found to contain ancient tombs, such as had been already discovered in other parts of the Roman states near the known sites of pristine Etruscan cities. It was not, however, till the year 1828, that, in consequence of the accidental exposure of one such tomb in a field, systematic excavations were commenced on the estate, with a view to exhaust it of its Etruscan antiquities. From that time forward the prince, and, in his absence, the princess, zealously prosecuted the work, employing workmen to dig continually in various parts of the estate; and the result was the accumulation, at Canino, of a vast number of vases, bronzes, and other relics, forming a museum of Etruscan antiquities superior in some respects to any that existed in Italy. The name of the Prince of Canino became known in all the antiquarian circles of Europe; travellers in Italy used to visit his museum; and at one or two balls in Rome, the princess created quite a sensation by appearing with a magnificent *parure* of ornaments that had been taken from the ancient tombs on her husband's estate.

Dying at Viterbo in June, 1840, at the age of sixty-five, the Prince of Canino left a numerous family of children, of various ages. Two daughters, the issue of his first marriage, had been married, the one to an Italian, the other, first to a Swedish count, and afterwards, in 1824, to an Englishman, Lord Dudley Stuart. Of his children by the second marriage, there survived four sons and four daughters. One of the daughters, Lætitia, born in 1804, became the wife of an Irish gentle-

man, and member of Parliament, Mr. Thomas Wise. The sons, all of whom are still alive, have distinguished themselves in various ways. The eldest, Charles-Lucien, styled, until his father's death, Prince de Musignano, and afterwards Prince of Canino and Musignano, was born in 1803, and married, in 1822, his cousin Charlotte, one of the daughters whom Joseph Bonaparte had left in Europe. Selecting a path that had not yet been trodden by any member of his versatile family, he devoted himself from the first to natural history, in which science he soon attained eminence. Crossing the Atlantic after his marriage, on a visit to his father-in-law, he took the opportunity of making himself acquainted with the ornithology of America; and was able after a year or two to produce, as the result of his rifle-practice in the American woods, a description of many new birds not figured by his predecessor Wilson. Devoting himself with similar assiduity, after his return, to the zoological illustration of Italy, he gave to the world, in 1832-41, a magnificent work in three folio volumes, containing, under the name of "*Iconografia della Fauna Italica*," perhaps the most detailed and elaborate account of the animals of the Peninsula that has yet been attempted. Meanwhile, his three brothers—Louis, born in 1813; Pierre, born in 1815; and Antoine, born in 1816—had been employing themselves differently. Concerned more or less in the political agitations that marked the beginning of the Pontificate of Gregory XVI., they became travellers like the rest of their family.

It was in the same country that afforded a refuge to her son Lucien and his family, that the venerable mother of the Bonapartes spent the concluding years of her life. She had come to Rome with her half-brother, Cardinal Fesch, after Napoleon's ruin in 1814; and from that time forward she continued to reside in the papal city with little interruption. Her death, which was preceded by long and severe bodily suffering, took place in February, 1836, fifteen years after the decease of her imperial son at Saint Helena, and nearly four after that of his sickly heir at Vienna. Of the eighty-six years that she had lived, fifty had been passed in widowhood—a widowhood how eventful! Ah! could the husband of her youth have lived to see and share her glory, to soothe and solace her age! That Napoleon, what a son he had been!

Of only one branch of the Bonapartes does it remain still to speak, that represented in the amiable and pensive Louis. Quitting the throne of Holland in 1810, rather than yield to his brother in what he considered would be an infraction of the liberties of the people he governed, he resided successively in Austria, Switzerland, and Italy, under the name of the Count de Saint Leu; taking no part in the events of 1814-15. The marriage between him and Queen Hortense never having been one of affection, they separated by mutual consent, as soon as the political necessities that had kept them together ceased to exist. Louis

finally settled in Italy, whence he gave to the world in succession various performances of the literary kind—a novel entitled "*Marie, ou les peines de l'Amour*," in whose style and story one discerns the expression of the author's own early grief, and still abiding melancholy; a collection of political and historical documents relating to Holland; an essay on versification; a number of poetical pieces; and finally, in 1829, a critique on Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*. Hortense fixed her residence at the castle or mansion of Arenenberg, in the Swiss canton of Thurgau. In this retreat she occupied herself with the education of her two surviving children—Napoléon-Louis, born in 1804, and Charles-Louis-Napoléon, born at Paris on the 20th of April, 1808. Her eldest son, the crown prince of Holland, had died in infancy at the Hague. All the three children had seen and prattled with their imperial uncle; and, till the birth of the King of Rome, it did not appear unlikely that to one or other of them the imperial dignity might one day belong.

Receiving such a mixed general and military education as was supposed to be suitable for young men in these circumstances, the two sons of the ex-King of Holland attained the age of early manhood, without having often quitted the free valleys of their adopted country. It was in these valleys, and amid young military comrades, that the intelligence of the Revolution of July reached them. In the following year, excited afresh by the news of the revolutionary movements in Italy, they hurried off together to take part in the insurrection that had been planned by the enthusiasts of the Romagna. The fatigues endured in this unfortunate expedition proved fatal to the elder brother, who died at Forlì, leaving a widow—his cousin, the younger daughter of his uncle Joseph, to whom he had only recently been married. The younger brother likewise fell ill at Ancona; and it was not without extreme difficulty that his mother Hortense, who had anxiously followed her sons, to withdraw them if possible from a hopeless enterprise, succeeded in snatching him from the clutches of the Austrians. Escaping from Italy together, they passed through France; came to England; but, after a short stay, returned to Switzerland.

Naturally of a restless, hair-brained character, no one member of the dispersed Bonaparte family seems to have retained in exile such a concentrated amount of Napoleonic spirit as the young half-Swiss son of the melancholy Louis. From his earliest years, he seems to have realized the position in which his birth and name placed him, never forgetting that he was a Bonaparte, and that, as such, he had duties to fulfil, more important than those of ordinary people. This, egotism, however—this innate conviction of the existence of innate secret relations between himself and all Europe, was a more healthy thing to be felt among Swiss mountains than in the confined air of an Austrian palace; and hence that, which in the poor Duke of Reichstadt, was but a morbid

pinning after activity, showed itself in his more fortunate cousin, as a frank, daring self-conceit. Even before the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, Louis Napoleon was virtually his senior and superior in all that concerned the active assertion of the family claims: and after the death of the duke, this virtual precedence was converted into a sense of legal right. By the terms of the *Senatus Consultum* of 1804, Louis Napoleon now assumed the first place in the second generation of Bonapartes; the lawful heir, after his uncle Joseph, and his father Louis, to all that could be recovered of the imperial fortunes. This consideration was not lost on the young exile of Arenenberg. He became, after 1832, the declared imitator and executor of his uncle, the acknowledged chief of the younger Napoleonidæ. Yet, in many respects he appeared little fitted for this post of honor. In person he was the least like the emperor of all the surviving Bonapartes; the Beaumarnais features of his mother predominating in his heavy sombre countenance over whatever of the Napoleonic he may have derived from his father. Nor could he claim the precedence on the score of talent, judging at least from such intellectual exhibitions of himself as he has subsequently made—exhibitions which present him as an exceedingly rambling, incoherent, commonplace person, with hardly a clear idea in his head. But his courage, his half-stupid self-confidence, and a certain soldierly good-nature, and kindly sensibility, that people liked him for, made up for these defects, and were, perhaps, the only qualifications necessary in the leader of an enterprise that all the world thought absurd.

After his share in the brief Italian movement of 1831, and an attempt, when it was too late, to take part in the Polish movement of the same year, Louis Napoleon was obliged for five years to lay aside all hope of effecting the opening he desired to make for himself into the sphere of European politics. During this time, however, he was not idle. By the composition and publication of three works, entitled, respectively, *Reveries Politiques*, *Considerations Militaires sur la Suisse*, and *Manuel d'Artillerie*, he was able secretly to nurse in himself the Napoleonic ambition, at the same time that he acquired by their means that consequence in the public eye that is always accorded to a man that has used the printing-press whether for rubbish or sense. One of the results of his book on Switzerland, and his *Manual of Artillery Practice*, was his appointment, in 1834, to a captaincy of artillery in a Swiss regiment at Berne.

It was in the autumn of 1836, during a visit to the baths of Baden, that the half Swiss adventurer, then in his twenty-ninth year, planned the first of those two mad enterprises that, till the other day, were his sole title to historic notice. France, he conceived, was at that time ripe for a new revolution. Disgusted with the reactionary policy of Louis Philippe, and, in particular, still smarting under the infliction of the laws of September, all

the liberal spirits in the country were eager for some decisive change, and all the people, with the exception of the bourgeoisie, were willing to support them. Knowing, as Louis Blanc says, that in times of uncertainty, revolutions accomplish themselves according to the programme that is laid down for them, and adopt whatever flag is offered, Louis Napoleon did not doubt that a successful rising effected in his favor, in some frontier town, and the neighboring district, would be the signal for a general explosion, which would result in the expulsion of the Orleans dynasty, and the restoration of the Bonapartes. Secret communications with the Bonapartists in the army had confirmed this impression; and, as regarded the republicans, it was supposed that they would be sufficiently reconciled to the projected revolution, in case of its success, by the immediate advantages it would secure them, and by declarations already made in Louis Napoleon's works, to the effect that he approved of a republic, provided it had an imperial head. It was accordingly resolved to make an attempt on the frontier town of Strasbourg, the situation of which made it more convenient for the purpose than any other. On the 30th of October, 1836, at five o'clock on a cold snowy morning, the men of one of three artillery regiments, which, with three regiments of infantry, and one of engineers, constituted the garrison of the town, found themselves drawn up in the barrack-yard, having been summoned from their beds by the trumpet-call. They stood wondering what was to take place, when seven or eight persons, in the costume of French officers, entered the yard, carrying a standard, surmounted by an eagle. One of them came hastily up to the colonel of the regiment, who forthwith presented him to the men as the nephew of the emperor; come, as he said, to place himself at their head, and effect a great revolution in France. The trick was successful; the speech of their colonel, the eagle, the words and look of Louis Napoleon, and especially his cocked-hat, hurried them away; the old imperial shiver ran through their veins; and a shout of *Vive l'Empereur* rang through the court-yard. Hastily the regiment was set on march through the town, with the band playing; windows were opened, and heads popped out all along the streets to see what was the matter; and the citizens, unbarring their doors, and tumbling out in twos and threes, followed the column. At head-quarters, the general in command of the town was arrested by the insurgents. So far all had gone well; but the tide was soon turned. One of the infantry regiments, occupying a barrack apart, acted more coolly than their brothers the artillerymen; wavered a little at first when Louis Napoleon addressed them, but ultimately stood firm, and prepared to give battle. Seeing the cause lost, the prince and his companions surrendered; and the town was restored to quiet. The government, on hearing of the affair, lost no time in disposing of the offenders. Louis Napoleon was brought as a prisoner to Paris, but in

two hours after his arrival, was sent off under guard to the coast, to be shipped for America. The persons that had been arrested with him, including the insurgent colonel, were reserved for trial, but were ultimately acquitted by an Alsace jury.

Early in 1837, the hero of Strasbourg, who had only just landed in America and reëmbarked, was to be seen in the streets of London. A report had been spread that he had pledged his word to remain in America for ten years; but this report, it appears, had no foundation in truth, and was raised, his adherents said, from malicious motives. Scarcely had he arrived in London, when the news of his mother's illness caused him to return once more to Switzerland. Here, after receiving her last breath, (5th October, 1837,) he continued to reside, till, finding that he was likely to be the occasion of a rupture between the French and Swiss governments, he voluntarily returned to London. For more than two years he remained in the British capital, one of the bevy of distinguished foreigners that the Londoners like to point out to each other in the parks or at the opera. Regarding his habits during this period, one of his eulogists has taken care to be sufficiently particular; telling us how the prince uniformly rose at six o'clock; worked till midday; then breakfasted and read the journals, causing notes to be taken of what interested him; at two, received visitors; at four or five, rode out; at seven, dined, &c. &c.—in all respects, it seems, the very nephew of his uncle! One of the fruits of those rather apocryphal laborious mornings was the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, of which everybody must have heard—a sort of pamphlet purporting to be an exposition of the main ideas that had formed the political creed of the emperor. This production, the most celebrated of the author's writings, is, as our readers may find out on trial, the poorest imaginable series of sententious commonplaces.

The pitiful result of the Strasbourg affair, it might be supposed, would have effectually cured the prince of all confidence in such sudden schemes for the future. But his impetuosity was incorrigible; and the very ridicule that his former trial had provoked, prompted him to make a new one that might succeed better. Accordingly, when everybody had ceased to think of him, he again flashed into notice. The time chosen for his new attempt did not seem unpropitious. Still less attached to the dynasty of Louis Philippe than in 1836, the French nation chanced, in the year 1840, to be under the influence of one of those emotional frenzies to which it is so liable, the cause of the excitement being nothing else than the expected arrival of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena. Availing himself of the Napoleonic fever thus originated, Louis Napoleon resolved to land in France, effect a revolution, drive out the Orleans family, and as it were prepare the country for his uncle's reception. The means for affecting all this did not appear by any means formidable. On Sunday the 4th of August, 1840, a small hired steamer, *The City of Edinburgh*, Captain Crow, commander, dropped down the Thames from London, with what seemed

a pleasure-party of foreigners on board. There were about sixty passengers in all, including gentlemen, grooms, lacqueys, &c.; and the place of destination was said to be Hamburgh. But when the steamer was out at sea on the 5th, the prince harangued his companions, told them the object of the voyage, distributed money among them, and caused them all to put on false French uniforms which he had brought with him. Captain Crow received orders to make for Boulogne; and during the rest of the voyage, the cabin was the scene of feasting and uproar. Captain Crow had never seen people drink so much, he afterwards deposed in the witness-box; and poor Hobbs, the steward, did nothing all night but draw corks. By midnight the steamer was off the French coast, and at six o'clock in the morning of the 6th, the party landed at Vimereux, near Boulogne. Having formed in marching order, they set out for the town, the prince at their head, after him an officer carrying a gilt eagle, and then the men in uniform. The prince had with him a sum of 500,000 francs (£20,000) in bank-notes and gold; his companions likewise carried bags of money and bottles of rum. Other parts of the furniture of the expedition were a live eagle, which, however, never made its appearance, and copies of three proclamations privately printed in England, one addressed to the French people, another to the army, and a third to the department of Pas-de-Calais. Passing a custom-house station, where the men would have nothing to do with them, the band, with a crowd of fishermen, children, &c., hallooing in their train, reached Boulogne, the garrison of which consisted of two companies of the 42d line. The soldiers were at breakfast in the barracks when the party entered. Rum was distributed as well as money; the soldiers were ordered to cry *Vive l'Empereur*; and Louis Napoleon, addressing them, promised them promotion if they would join him. Totally confused and bewildered, and seeing one of their own lieutenants in the prince's company, the soldiers offered no resistance; some cried *Vive l'Empereur*, uncertain, as afterwards appeared, whether to believe the person before them to be the emperor himself come back, or his son, or only his nephew. By the presence of mind of a sergeant, however, any decided act of adhesion was prevented; and meanwhile, the alarm having been given, the colonel and other officers rushed to the barracks. The parleying now gave way to vehement altercation; the soldiers gathered round their officers; the prince fired a pistol at the colonel, missing his aim, but wounding a soldier in the neck; and, at last, totally defeated in their object, the whole party left the barracks and took to their heels through the town, showering pieces of money among the crowd that run after them. The prince seemed out of his senses; he ran at the head of his little band brandishing his cocked hat which he had stuck on the point of his sword, and crying out *Vive l'Empereur*. Meanwhile the soldiers had set out in pursuit; and with little difficulty the whole party was captured.

Brought to trial before the Chamber of Peers,

the prisoners were found guilty, and condemned as follows; the prince to perpetual imprisonment; his chief associates, such as Count Montholon, M. de Parquin, and M. de Persigny, to twenty years' detention; and the minor culprits, such as Dr. Conneau, to lesser terms of the same punishment. The various offenders were then distributed through different prisons. The prince, Count Montholon, and Dr. Conneau were sent to the fortress of Ham. There they remained for nearly six years, Dr. Conneau voluntarily protracting his term of imprisonment in order to continue near the prince. The occupations of the three companions during these six years were sufficiently various. They read together, made experiments in chemistry, &c.; and the prince, his literary propensities still remaining, not only amused himself by translating poems, and penning occasional letters to newspapers and to private friends, but continued his connection in a more express manner with the world without, by means of one or two new publications, the chief being an odd tract of military statistics, entitled, *De l'Extinction du Paupérisme*, copies of which he sent to George Sand, Chateaubriand, the poet Béranger, and other persons of note. He also meditated, it appears, a life of Charlemagne, and corresponded on the subject with the historian Sismondi. From these and other entanglements, however, he was glad to shake himself loose, by escaping from the fortress in the disguise of a laborer, on the 25th of May, 1846. He had previously been in negotiation with the French government, with a view to obtain permission to visit his father Louis, who was lying dangerously ill at Florence; and it was for this especial object, he said, in a letter to the French ambassador, that he had planned his escape. Unable, however, to procure the necessary passports, he was obliged to remain in London, where he had again taken up his abode, and where, two months afterwards, he received the news of his father's death. After the escape of the prince, the French government did not think it necessary to continue the durance of Count Montholon, and the other prisoners; and by the end of the year 1846 the Boulogne business, like that of Strasbourg, was well-nigh forgotten. Coincident with the extraordinary movement that is still accomplishing itself in all the continental countries, we have to mark, as a striking fact, the reinstallation everywhere of the overthrown Bonapartes.

It was the Italian branch of the family that first experienced the favorable turn of fortune. Restricted, during the oppressive pontificate of Gregory XVI., to the exercise of his talents as a naturalist, and a man of general literary tastes, the Prince of Canino, the son of Lucien Bonaparte, and now a man in the prime of life, and the father of a large family, was one of those influential Romans that gladly gathered round the present Pope on his accession, and assisted him in his reforms. Throughout the subsequent revolution that drove the Pope from his dominions, he equally distinguished himself; and at the present moment, holding the vice-presidency of the representative chamber of the

Roman republic, the former ornithologist of America figures as one of the most conspicuous men on the busy theatre of Italian politics.

While, however, one shoot of the prolific Napoleonic stock appears thus to have found permanent root in Italy, it is in France, their own France, that the general reünion of the dispersed Bonapartes has taken place. Scarcely had the revolution of February, 1848, occurred, when, rising from their haunts in all parts of Europe, the various members of the family, with the old ex-king of Westphalia at their head, hurried to the scene of action. France received them with open arms. At the first elections to the National Assembly three of them were returned as representatives—Pierre Bonaparte, the second son of Lucien, and the brother of the ornithologist, aged thirty-three; Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of King Jerome, aged twenty-six; and Napoleon-Lucien-Charles Murat, the former New York lawyer, aged forty-five. The case of Louis Napoleon was more peculiar. People naturally hesitated before admitting to the benefits of republican citizenship so exceptional a personage as the imperialist adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne. Twice he was elected by several departments simultaneously, and twice he found himself compelled to decline the honor; and it was not until after the supplementary elections of September, 1848, when he was returned at the head of the poll for Paris with a number of other candidates, that he was able to defy opposition and take his seat. Once restored to France, the outburst of opinion in his favor was instantaneous and universal. From Calais to the Pyrenees, from the Bay of Biscay to the Rhine, he was the hero of the hour. Lamartine, Cavaignac, and everybody else that had done an efficient thing, were forgotten; and the result of the great election of the 10th of December was, that, as if in posthumous justification of enterprises that the world till then had agreed to laugh at, the former prisoner of Ham was raised, by the suffrages of five millions of people, to the Presidency of the French Republic. How he may continue to deport himself in this office, which he has already held for several months, it would be difficult to say. That he has not mind enough to perform of himself any original or decisive part in European affairs, must be clear to every one that has read a page of his writings; but whether he may not possess those minor qualities that would make him a suitable constitutional puppet, either as president or as emperor, in the hands of a ministry, experience must yet prove. One thing may even now be decidedly asserted with regard to his political position, and that is, that since his elevation to the presidency, he has thrown aside all his former half-connections with the revolutionary party, and become the head and representative of the reaction. Meanwhile, as a private man, he has yet one important step in life before him. Although in his forty-second year, he is still unmarried. We have heard it jocosely proposed that he should marry a daughter of his transatlantic brother, President Taylor, pro-

vided, that is to say, the tough old general has any daughters. Such a marriage would certainly have a splendid effect.

And here we have to conclude our sketch of the history of the Bonaparte Family. The impressions that remain on our mind, after such a survey, are principally these two: *first*, that of all known families now in existence, the Bonapartes are, in point of fact, the most cosmopolitan, the most considerable, that is, whether as regards diffusion or elevation; and *secondly*, that, on the whole, they have merited this distinction, having remained, on the whole, individually faithful to the cause of progress, in whose name they first obtained power and credence. And yet, after all, one cannot help remembering that they owe their reputation, and all the European facilities that they enjoy, to the greatness of the one man whose name they bear; and that there are, doubtless, at this moment, in all our cities, hundreds of abler and better men, who, less favorably circumstanced, have to languish their lives away in indigence and obscurity, expending more intellect in the single task of keeping themselves alive than all the existing Bonapartes need expend in order to secure the thanks and good-will of western Europe.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

AMERICAN COMMENTS ON EUROPEAN NEWS.

WE remember reading, many years ago, probably in Blackwood's Magazine, a powerfully written story called "The Iron Tomb," or something like that; perhaps it was "The Iron Shroud." The idea of it was that a political offender, in one of the Italian states, falling into the power of his enemy, was incarcerated in a prison, or cell, so ingeniously constructed, altogether of iron, that at certain prescribed intervals the dimensions of the apartment were reduced by an imperceptible process, so that, after a few weeks, the captive found himself hemmed in within a space not half the size of that which he originally occupied; with the dreadful consciousness ever upon his mind that within a certain definite time his miserable doom would be accomplished by the horrid crushing of his body and bones under the tremendous though silent contractile force of this unheard-of dungeon.

The fearful interest of the tale was indescribably heightened, towards the close, by the introduction of a change in the progress of the infernal contrivance. The successive contractions, from having been slow and imperceptible, took place in rapid succession, and each was accompanied by a loud and terrific sound, so that as death drew near the prisoner might have no chance of receiving it in the unconsciousness of sleep, but must encounter it, fully alive to all its horrors.

Somehow or other this story has been brought to mind by the rapidly cumulating tidings from across the water, which have kept all eyes and ears intent for some months past. Destiny, or rather the working of human passions and conflicting interests, raging for a time unchecked, and suffered by

overruling power to rage, for a purpose which we know to be ultimately wise, though now we cannot see its scope and bearing, appears to be urging the continent of Europe irresistibly on to that awful, and it is to be hoped final, strife which has long been foreseen by many; and as the fated hour draws nigh, the thundering crash of the approaching conflict grows loudly and more loudly audible, preparing the startled world for an exhibition of destructive fury, in comparison with which even that of the last century, toward its close, and the opening of the present, will seem almost tame and trivial.

A vast change is suddenly presented to view now, in the aspect of the approaching strife. While the actual raging of war was confined to the Hungarians on one side, and the combined Austrians and Russians on the other, there was more than a chance that the fearful drama might be suddenly cut short by the crushing and hopeless defeat of the former, under the vastly superior force of their antagonists; but the entrance of France into the lists makes a mighty difference in the aspect of the case. France is a match for Russia; the Hungarians, therefore, have only Austria to deal with, and they have shown that of her they can take care. Prussia we look upon as out of the question; heaving as all Germany is with the throes of nascent liberalism, Prussia will have no troops to spare for foreign war, especially under the impulse that will be given to active liberalism throughout all Germany and Italy by the appearance of France in arms, which is equivalent to a mighty propagandism.

The question is asked, what will England do! We answer, nothing. At last the statesmen and people of England have learned that they cannot meddle in continental wars without burning their fingers; and the pain of such burning is too severe to be hazarded without the remotest possibility of compensation in any shape. England will say, and wisely, "Let them fight it out, while we feed and clothe them all, and supply them with materials for fighting." That is her policy—a policy thrust upon her by the exigencies of the time, and which she will accept, with grief and anxiety indeed, but with no hope or intention of breaking from it through the prompting of such mad Quixotism as swayed the Pitts and Castlereaghs of former days.

Happy are we that our position enables us to follow the same policy, with not even an inducement or a temptation to depart from it.

ROME.—The Romans still continue to let the world know the basis upon which they stand. M. Rusconi, the foreign minister of the republic, has addressed a note to the Catholic powers, in which he puts the question in its religious character. "Combined Europe," he points out, "comes to force upon three millions of men a government they have pronounced forever fallen—a government professing to represent the Divine Master who said His kingdom was not of this world, and on these powers will fall, severe and inexorable,

the judgment of posterity. The question," he continues, "is far more serious than if the party whom the combined monarchs of Europe would force upon the Romans were, like so many others, the mere vulgar inheritor of vulgar privileges. The attack being made in the name of the head of the Catholic church, it is calculated to weaken faith and to shake the religious edifice to its foundation. Many begin to doubt of a creed which sacrifices to worldly views its holiest aspirations—which does not hesitate to place on a pedestal of clay interests which should have no other objects than meekness, resignation, and that sublime self-denial which has made the religion of Christ the religion of the oppressed. Let Europe," it is added, "pause. The present is no longer a struggle between one army and another—between man and man. It is a struggle which embraces the whole moral world of ideas—of hopes, of faith—which will find an echo in the remotest generation."

The Roman *Monitor* also has published an article in which, after pointing to the combination of Austria, France and Spain, it reminds its readers that behind the bayonets of General Oudinot are the people of France, that behind Radetsky are the Hungarians and democracy of Vienna, and that behind the proud Spaniard is a nation demoralized and feeble. But whatever their power, even if it were as solid as it is doubtful, the Romans await them without fear. "A people who have a mission to fulfil before honor and eternal justice cannot perish."

The arrival of M. Lesseps from Paris, at Civita Vecchia, on his way to Rome, is described as having caused an extraordinary excitement among the French troops, the report rapidly spreading that they were now to defend the Roman republic against Austria and Naples. An arrangement is anticipated forthwith, and it is understood that the French have already interdicted the Neapolitans from any further movement, and that a message to the same effect has been sent to Spain.

Among many persons a strong suspicion is entertained that the French will yet play the Romans false, and that after having cajoled them so as to get into the city, the pope will ultimately be restored. The treachery which characterized their professions on landing at Civita Vecchia, where they represented that they came entirely on a pacific mission, to aid the people, fully justifies this distrust, and the Romans are evidently alive to it. At present, however, although such would apparently have been the policy of the French government, the tone of the National Assembly and the elements of which the new one is composed would make the trick difficult.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

THE intelligence brought by the steamer Europa indicates a determination in the French people to oppose itself to the interference of Russia in the affairs of Eastern Europe. The preparations of that power seem to the republican

statesmen of France altogether too mighty to be intended merely to overwhelm Hungary. It is obvious that the Russian armies, amounting to more than a quarter of a million of soldiers, after having restored the authority of Austria over Hungary, may not be recalled until they have been employed to set up again the old thrones of western Europe, which the people have thrown down. The French ministry, our readers will see, have been defeated in an attempt to resist a formal expression of the jealousy and indignation of the French Assembly at this irruption of the northern hordes into the country south of them on the errand of crushing a newly erected republic.

The French ministry seem in fact altogether without influence in the Assembly, and with their influence seem in a fair way of losing the respect with which they were at first regarded. One of them, the minister of foreign affairs, soothingly told the Assembly that the indication of its will which it had given in relation to the affairs of Italy, had been obeyed by the cabinet, and that the moment that will was expressed, an agent had been despatched to Rome to cause it to be executed. We suppose this means—otherwise it means nothing—that orders have been communicated to the French general at the gates of Rome, to desist from the attempt to restore the temporal authority of the pope.

At this rate, we shall not be surprised to see Oudinot offering to the Romans to make common cause with them against their other invaders, holding the Austrians and Neapolitans in check, and helping to maintain the Roman republic. A European war may begin in Italy before its campaigns are opened in Germany. The French ministry, however, will have proved itself both rash and weak—rash in espousing a cause in which there was no probability that it would be seconded by the French nation, and weak in shifting to the other side at the first expression of popular discontent. The only manly and worthy course which the ministers could have taken, under such circumstances, was to resign their places, instead of allowing themselves to be made the instruments of a policy against which they had deliberately made up their minds.

It is very likely that the next tidings from France will be of a more warlike tenor. The fire is but just kindled; what we now see, is but the little flame raised by the breath of the popular orators and journalists, at the corner of a huge pile of combustibles. Amidst so inflammable a people as the French, we shall not be surprised to see it become a conflagration which shall redden the entire firmament of Europe. Our readers will remember with what difficulty the French, soon after the overthrow of Charles X., were restrained from plunging into a war to assert the liberties of Poland. The interference of the Russian arms, in the quarrel between Hungary and Austria, furnishes a much fairer occasion and juster pretext for hostilities, than the case of Poland. There is some plausible ground for saying that the

fate of all the European republics is connected with that of Hungary, and if that of Hungary be crushed, an attempt will be made to crush the others in turn.

Some intimations are given in the news from Paris that the French ministry will resign. A ministry so flexible as this has shown itself, so ready to forsake one line of policy and adopt another at the bidding of the National Assembly, is not likely to lay down its authority for the sake of preserving its consistency. Whatever direction public opinion may take in France we expect to see the members of the present French cabinet swept along in the current; nay, we should not be surprised if they attempt to place themselves at the head of those who call for armed resistance to the plans of Russia.

From the N. Y. Courier.

THE foreign news brought by the Europa is of the most intense interest. The French Assembly seems determined to resist the intervention of Russia in the affairs of Hungary, if necessary even *by arms*. The recent elections have greatly strengthened the ultra republicans, and will of course fan this flame which even now seems ready to burst forth and involve all Europe in the conflagration.

France regards Russian intervention as a declaration of war against democracy in Europe. The language held by the czar in his manifesto gives color to this suspicion. The French republicans believe that after subduing Hungary, the allied kings will go on to crush liberalism in Germany and then, if successful, to make war upon the French Republic. Whether just or not, this suspicion is well calculated to arouse the deepest and most intense indignation of the French people, and under the impulse of the new electors, it would not be at all strange if the nation should be plunged into war.

A war between France and Russia would not end until the whole structure of European civil society had been thoroughly changed. It would bring on the most terrible struggle the world has ever seen, and would effect results which transcend imagination.

From the Examiner, 19 May.

ENGLAND'S INTEREST IN HUNGARY.

Does any one doubt that the Austrian Camarilla has filled up the measure of its infamy in calling Russia to its help? Finding itself devoid of all moral support in any one of the numerous nations which compose the Austrian empire, it has the audacity to call in the troops of a foreign power to crush a people whose only crime has been to have stood forth in defence of inherited constitutional rights, and to have demanded that the royal word pledged to the reforms of 1848 should not be broken. The youth who has been set up as Emperor of Austria in place of the deposed monarch, and who calls himself King of

Hungary, though he has never taken the coronation oath or been crowned with the crown of St. Stephen, or complied with any one of the formalities prescribed by the ancient constitution of that country, has arrived, it is said, at Vienna, in order to take the command in person of the foreign auxiliaries destined to subdue and annihilate a high-spirited nation.

The consequences might have been anticipated. What the English did in 1688, has been done by the Hungarian Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, and the Hungarian throne has been declared vacant. The dynastic tie, the only one, which united Austria and Hungary, is now severed. And the Hungarian nation will not hesitate to use every means in its power to avert the threatened yoke of slavery. As a fully independent European power, it will wage war in its own name; and if strategic considerations should render it advisable, it will not await but anticipate the Russian invasion. The most complete guarantee of the independence and inviolability of the Hungarian state is the only security against a general European war. Can we for a moment suppose that the Hungarians, flushed with victory, strengthened in numbers, and strong in the confidence of their right, will fall an easy prey to the forces of the czar? Or that they will not avail themselves of the inflammable materials in the countries around them to kindle a general conflagration?

Unless the advance of Russia is checked a general European war seems inevitable. The happiest solution of the Gordian knot would be, that the Russian troops should be again defeated by the Hungarians, as they already have been by the brave General Bem in Transylvania. Such a result is by no means improbable. But it is surely the interest of the truly conservative powers of Europe, of those who desire the preservation of peace, and the extension of commerce, to use every effort to prevent these fertile countries on the Danube from falling under the ruthless hand of the spoiler.

Above all, let us in England not fancy that we may enjoy a total exemption from the ills of continental war; that we may hug ourselves in security by our fire-sides, while we read the journals which tell of battles and sieges afar off. Let us recollect the effects of the continental revolutions of last year. The disturbances in France and Germany were felt in Lancashire and Yorkshire. The Manchester and Birmingham operatives hungered, because continental despots, by a course of misrule, had driven their subjects to seek their only salvation in a change of government. Things are now brighter; but we do not want a repetition of the suffering and the stagnation of 1848.

It is really intolerable that the barbarian of the north, out of his hatred to liberty and civilization, should be allowed to ruin the prosperity of men who are eager to exchange commodities with us, and to profit by our friendship and alliance.

The population of Hungary, with its dependencies, amounts to about fourteen millions, ready to consume English manufactured goods, and abounding in raw produce wherewith to pay for them. The Hungarians have always been preëminently free traders, as is indeed dictated by their geographical position; but under the leaden rule of Austria this tendency has been suppressed, and Hungary has been to us all but hermetically sealed. Still the exports and imports of Fiume have been enough to show the capabilities of the country under a more liberal system, the first signal for which will be the waving of the national banner over their port in the Adriatic.

As far as Hungary is concerned, we are merely defrauded, by Russian intervention, of an opportunity of extending our commerce—certainly an opportunity which, with our increasing population, it is not advisable that we should lose. But the effects of Russian intervention will not be confined to Hungary. A Hungaro-Russian war will most assuredly extend to Germany; and can we afford to lose the German market which already exists? The value of our exports to Germany is about equal to that of our exports to the East Indies: upwards of six millions per annum. Any diminution even would be most sensibly felt this year, as it was last.

What is required by our commercial interests, coincides with the dictates of a manly and generous policy. The czar is not prepared for war with England, and would probably not be sorry to have a pretext for withdrawing from the position of extreme risk and danger in which he has placed himself. Let it only be declared that England cannot contemplate without grave displeasure an intervention no less opposed to the principles of international law than injurious to her own interests, and the danger of a general war, which at present impends over Europe, will pass away like a cloud.

From the Examiner, 19th May.

RUSSIA ON RUSSIA.

THE Russian intervention in Hungary may perhaps be destined to mark a period in the history of our times. It is an event of unmistakable meaning. Indeed, public opinion in almost all countries of Europe has already instinctively pronounced itself respecting it. Nevertheless, a special interest attaches to the manner in which that intervention is viewed by Russia herself. Casual tourists, railway-travellers, and rovers in the Kibitka, have indeed labelled Russia with "pure despotism," and shelved her accordingly. But although tourists see a great many things, there are others which escape them, and among these is the fact of the will of the czar being anything but the only law which reigns in Russia. His seeming omnipotence is at liberty to run the whole length of the will of Russia and her prejudices, but not an inch further. The sanguinary end of so many czars shows the fragile nature of Russian imperial

power, if once brought into contact with the weight and impetus of Russia herself. It has never stood the collision.

Now, with regard to the Russian intervention in Hungary, we have been favored with the sight of a memoir from the pen of an able and influential member of the czar's privy council. It was written immediately after the revolution of February, 1848, and submitted to the emperor, who expressed a general agreement with it. In October last, a few copies of the document were printed for private circulation in diplomatic circles. It bore the title, "*Politique et moyens d'action de la Russie impartialement appréciés.*"*

The following extract will give our readers an idea of the manner in which the condition of Europe and its late revolutions are considered in Russia.

There ought to be no mistake about the bearings of that extreme crisis into which Europe has just entered. Europe has for a long time been subject to two real powers—to *revolution* and to *Russia*. Late events are neither more nor less than the results of a collision of these two powers. We are on the eve of the struggle. Neither treaty nor compromise can there be between them. Their co-existence is impossible. Upon this struggle and its results—a struggle than which the world never saw a greater—will depend the future political and religious destiny of the human race.

Russia is *above all a Christian country*; the Russian people are Christians, not only by the orthodoxy of their creed, but also for some qualities which go beyond mere faith: they are Christians by self-denial and self-sacrifice.

Fortunately there is on the throne of Russia a sovereign in whom the vital thought of Russia is incarnate; and in the present state of things Russian thought is the only one placed sufficiently distant from the revolutionary centre to be able soundly to appreciate events.

All the remains of real vitality in Bohemia are in her *Hussite creed*—in that ever-living protest of her oppressed Slavonic nationality—a *protest against the usurpation of the Roman church*, as well as against the domination of the German. This is the link which binds her to the struggles and glory of the past, and this also is the road on which the Czech of Bohemia will some day meet and unite with his eastern brethren.

We cannot strongly enough insist upon this point, for their sympathetic reminiscences of the eastern church, those returns to the ancient faith, (of which Hussitism in its time was but the imperfect and distorted expression,) establish a wide difference between Poland and Bohemia; between Bohemia, bearing the yoke of the western community upon uneasy shoulders, and Poland *factionously Catholic*, the fanatic tool of the west and a traitor to her brethren.

What would be the confusion of the western countries, if, in their struggle with the revolution, the *legitimate sovereign, the orthodox Emperor of the East*, should too long delay his appearance on the scene?

The occident is on the eve of dissolution; all is crumbling; all is being consumed by a universal

* "An impartial view of the policy of Russia, and her means of action."

conflagration. The Europe of Charlemagne and the Europe of the treaties of 1815, the Roman papacy and all the western royalties are falling from their high places. Catholicism and Protestantism have had their day; faith is lost and reason has entered its dotage; present order is impracticable, future liberty impossible, and civilization falls by its own hands on the ruin it has made.

The deluge is immense, but like a holy ark one empire still floats on its surface. Who will doubt its mission? Shall we, its children, be unbelieving and faint of heart?

These extracts furnish sufficient evidence of the fact that Russia is awake to her interest in the present crisis. She is aware that this is a contest having for its result, either that Europe will submit to the domination of that rigid stolidity which the amiable convert of the Russian writer designates as *orthodox*—or that Russian countries themselves will be roused to adopt the liberal ideas and institutions of Europe. Russia would then cease to be herself; but the author, a prey to religious fanaticism, courts the contest with a bigoted conviction of the success of his party.

From the Examiner, 19 May.

CANADA.

ARE not the British North American colonies, one can hardly help asking, beginning reasonably to think that they are too old and mature to walk any longer in leading-strings; the cords held, too, by parties far too distant and uninformed to handle them with any adroitness? Our seven North American colonies contain at the present moment between two and three millions of inhabitants; in fact, a somewhat larger population than the "thirteen United States" at the declaration of independence; and if it falls short of the vigor of the Anglo-Saxon colonists of 1776, by the prevalence of a race of different European origin, it exceeds it by the absence of an African population of slaves. Each of our seven colonies, in fact, is sufficient to constitute an independent federal state; and some of them have a population equal to several of those of the United States according to the last census of the republic. Thus, Lower Canada is as populous as Massachusetts, Upper Canada is equal to Indiana, and New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are, each, on a par with Michigan. The total number of men borne on the rolls of the militia for the seven colonies amounts to very nearly 400,000, which would imply a total population of 2,800,000.

Countries of this maturity are, unquestionably, quite fit to walk alone, and no one can hope that they can ever be well or satisfactorily governed at the distance of 4,000 miles. The tools by which we contrived heretofore to manage rather than to govern them, have nearly disappeared, one after the other. We governed them through the interests of a faction among themselves, and this has most properly vanished. They were bound to us by monopolies of our markets, and these have perished, one after the other, to the great advantage of both parties.

What advantages, then, do we derive from the possession of these remote and cumbrous colonies? We believe none whatever, except such as they would yield, and to a far greater extent, were they independent of us to-morrow. Mercantile profit was the main object of their foundation; but our commerce is far more extensive with the old colonies which are independent of us, than with those for which we have sedulously and selfishly legislated in pursuit of our own peculiar advantage. A quarter of a million of emigrants now quit the shores of the united kingdom yearly, but the great majority of them find a place of rest, not in the colonies which we maintain at a heavy cost, but in those which were once ours, and cost us nothing.

As to the military strength of the empire, instead of contributing to, they obviously derogate from it, by scattering and isolating our force, and wasting our means. By a recent return made to Parliament, it appears that in 1846 the number of officers serving in Canada alone was 384, and the rank and file 6,101, making the whole military force 6,485. The cost of this force for mere pay and commissariat, excluding transport, dead weight, and fortifications, was £268,681. Thus is maintained and paid, from the pockets of the British people, an army for the protection of about a million and a half of people, more numerous and more costly than that of the United States for the defence of near twelve times the number of inhabitants.

For the five years ending with 1847, the cost of the forces serving in all our North American colonies amounted to £2,646,094. If to this, which includes mere pay and food, be added barracks, fortifications, half-pay, and pensions, £6,000,000 would certainly not cover the charge. We may judge, then, what would be the expense of a war with a population as hostile and united as that of the old colonies in 1776, getting sympathy and assistance, not from a French population on the opposite shore of the Atlantic, but from an Anglo-Saxon one on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence.

With respect to the benefits which we, on our parts, have conferred on the American colonies, we are of Adam Smith's opinion, who, after a searching and impartial investigation, comes to the conclusion that they amount to one, and to one only. We have supplied them with the great raw material from which prosperous empires are constructed—with the man and his institutions—and, as the result has shown, we alone could do so. Had America been left to its native inhabitants, it would have now contained, as it did 355 years ago, only men that ate each other, or sacrificed each other on the altars of imaginary divinities. Had it been left to Spaniards and Portuguese, it would have yielded only a bastard civilization, not equal to, but much below that of any respectable European society. We hesitate not to say, then, that if we and the North American colonies could part in peace and friendship, the

separation would undoubtedly be a gain to both parties, but more especially to ourselves. When Lord St. Vincent was informed of the peace concluded with the Americans in 1815, his only remark was, "I hope we have made them a present of the Canadas."

Meanwhile it is our bounden duty to prepare the Canadas for a separation should it be inevitable, and the exercise of responsible governments is the proper training for this purpose. Lord Elgin is acting on this principle honestly, ably, manfully, and temperately; and it becomes every man of liberal sentiments in this country to support him against the senseless roaring of the colonial party egregiously misnamed "British."

From the Spectator.

THE PILLARS OF HERCULES.

To be beaten on the navigation laws, is for the remnant of the old tory party to be exterminated; and Lord Stanley's brave stand is but like that of Orlando at Roncesvalles, where Charlemagne and all his host were laid low. In this country, then, the long-waged contest ceases between tyranny and freedom, between absolutism and liberalism. The right divine is a forgotten dogma; and the liberty of the subject is a title uncontested, and therefore no longer needing to be defended. The surviving differences concern degree, and not fundamental principles. All parties assent to the expediency of political reorganization, more or less general, more or less rapid. Chartism, Conservatism, and modern liberalism, have common doctrines, and only dissent as to specific measures. The abandonment of the navigation laws puts the finishing-stroke to the old régime.

Are we then entering a political millennium? Is Britain really the island of the blessed, where dissension ceases; where man will help his brother, each bent on promoting the common good of all, all of each? Hardly. Wakefield hazards a novelty in political economy in reorganizing any future for chartism and socialism. We have a long way to travel before we can even think of harmony as the rule of political life—a long and a doubtful way. Rather, we have entered upon a new and unploughed sea. Free trade and free navigation are the pillars of Hercules, marking the end of the region which we have known from earliest history, and the opening of a wide unknown ocean of the future. Under what circumstances, with what resources, what councils, do we enter upon that wide unsurveyed ocean?

The subsiding of political antagonisms which we have noted in this country has not yet begun on the continent generally. Nay, we seem to be almost on the verge of a war between absolutism and freedom, in which the extremes of divine right and republicanism are likely to take an active part. That the doctrines of limited monarchy are rising in favor, is not incompatible with a very considerable amount of influence remaining to the two extremes. It is not in human knowledge to

foretell the issue with any certainty; but the interests of this country cannot permanently stand separate from the issue of the struggle between the great political elements on the continent: as victory remains with absolutism, dictating from the White Sea to the Mediterranean, with republicanism prevailing from Venice and Marseilles perchance to Warsaw and to Moscow, or with the milder and more opportune influence of limited monarchy, the reflective consequences to this country must be momentous. In the progress of the struggle, the moral influence of England, backed by her material weight, might be very considerable, largely modifying the balance of the victory. What then are the resources with which England is endowed, to invigorate and enliven her action for the protection of her own interests—for the service of her allies, whose political intelligence and energies her friendship might develop—for the service of mankind, whose permanent interests are so largely at stake!

A difficult and doubtful question. Both as respects internal and external action, England enters upon the future under circumstances greatly altered. With free trade, we must henceforth openly and avowedly depend less upon home supplies, more upon foreign supplies: that is not in itself, commercially and materially, a bad thing; but it tends more to constitute *trade* the sole or chief basis of political science and action. Our statesmanship, abroad and at home, must more than ever turn upon the till.

With the fall of the navigation laws we give up all pretension to our old colonial system; while by the conduct of our administration we are abandoning not only the formula but the substance—the uses of the colonies, the colonies themselves.

With the disuse of the navigation laws in keeping up a nursery of seamen we avowedly abandon a cardinal point in the maintenance of our navy; impressment too has probably become impossible; so that *some* wholly new expedient for securing an effective supply of seamen is imperatively demanded. But the want of certain measures is not the most alarming fact: one more alarming is the change which has taken place through the altered habits and avocations of the people, the bulk of which is no longer a maritime people. An Englishman is no longer a born sailor—nor one Englishman in ten, nor one in a hundred.

Still that is not the most formidable change. With the abolition of "toryism" has expired the power of public organization by means of the government; but no equally effective faculty of organization has sprung up in its place. With the increased preponderancy of trading objects, the objects of national feeling have fallen into contempt: there is no reverence for the traditions of the past, no personal attachment for leading men, nor any other natural motive of spontaneous organization. The mechanical organization of "leagues" for special objects is a miserable substitute, without vitality or virtue.

To crown our deficiencies, we have statesmen

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

J. Q. ADAMS.

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